PLAYTIME SONGS

ALICE·C·D·RILEY
JESSIE·L·GAYNOR

C·H·I·C·A·G·O
CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO.

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PLAYTIME SONGS

FOR THE SCHOOL ROOM



by

ALICE C. D. RILEY

and

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

CHICAGO

CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO

WEEKES & CO LONDON

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PREFACE

Rote songs are especially useful in the lower grades of the public schools. They furnish the storehouse of memory with the material – tonal, rhythmic and harmonic – which the child will master later through analysis. They also help to form his taste as to both music and verse, and give him an opportunity for self-expression – an imperative desire in young children.

The need of schools for a program of rote songs, planned in such a way as to be correlated to other school-work, has often been remarked. Then, too, many teachers who are unwilling to resort to the unlawful practice of copying songs, by mimeograph or other means, have expressed to us their need of some practical method of putting the words and melodies of songs into the hands of every child in a school-room. We have attempted to supply this need in a series called PLAYTIME SONG SERIES, which is arranged, according to a program planned by an experienced teacher, to cover the work between Kindergarten and Fourth Grade, inclusive.

The present work, PLAYTIME SONGS, supplies, together with LILTS AND LYRICS, all the songs included in the PLAYTIME SONG SERIES in a complete form with accompaniments.

While the PLAYTIME SONG SERIES places the words and melodies of the songs in the hands of every child, the uniform works of PLAYTIME SONGS and LILTS AND LYRICS are intended for the teacher, thus completing the material for the program as planned.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR
ALICE C. D. RILEY.

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Suggesting the Songs deemed most appropriate to the respective months

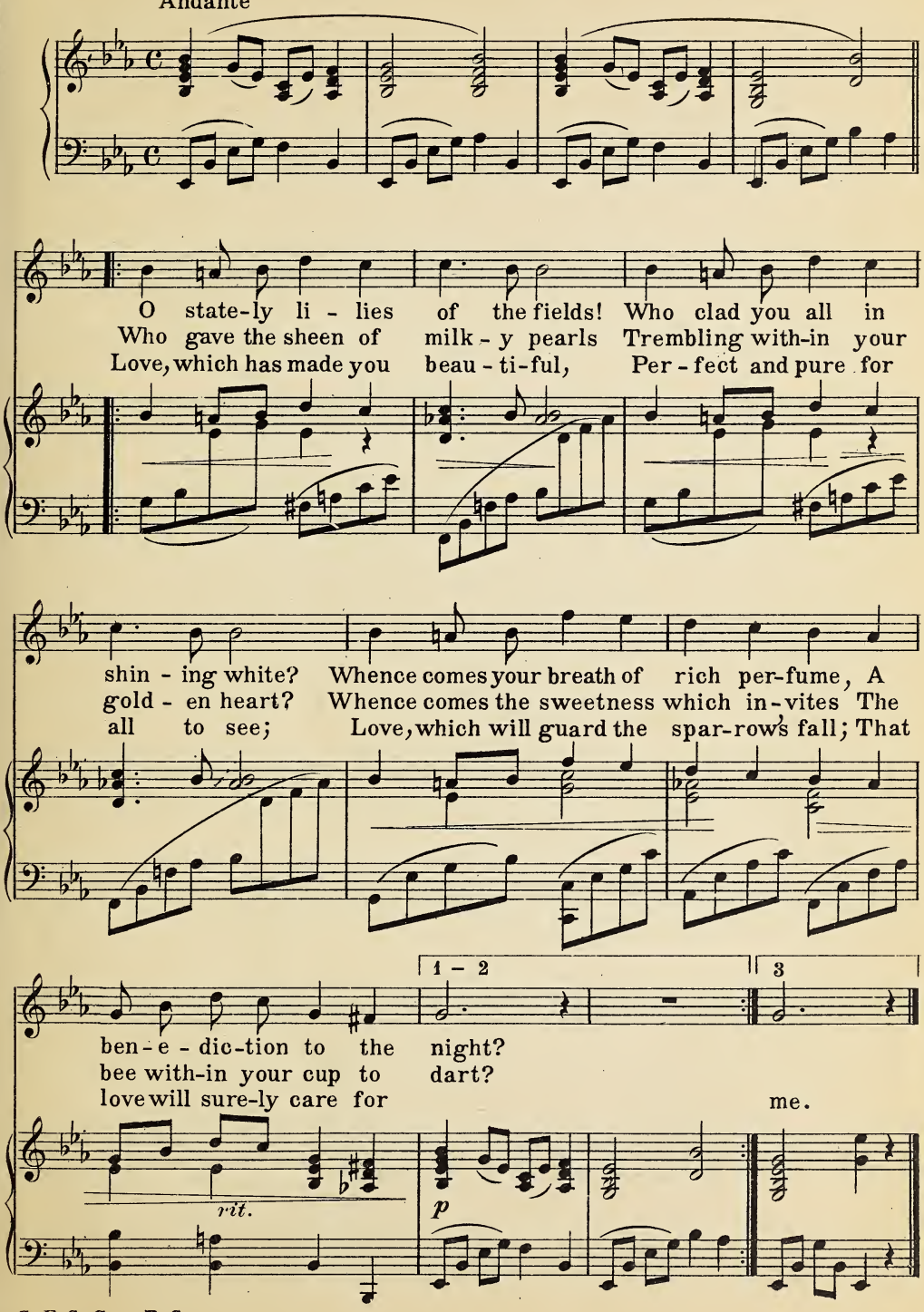
	BOOK II	Pages in Playtime Series	Pages in Lilts & Lyrics and Playtime Songs
SEPTEMBER	A Prayer	1	(L.& L. 38)
	Lads and Lassies	2	(.. 54)
	Goodbye	3	(.. 53)
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	The Poppy Lady	7	(L.& L. 71)
	Jack O' Lantern	8	(.. 64)
	The Farmer	10	(.. 86)
NOVEMBER	The Song of the Miller	12	(.. 88)
	The Cook	14	(.. 90)
	Tick Tock	15	(.. 20)
	Thanksgiving	16	(.. 28)
DECEMBER	The Sugar Dolly	18	(P.S. 76)
	Around the Christmas Tree	20	(L.& L. 6)
	He Was a Shepherd Lad	17	(.. 34)
	The Rich Little Dolly	22	(P.S. 34)
JANUARY	Little Maid, Pretty Maid	21	(L.& L. 4)
	Mother Holly	24	(.. 50)
	A Fox Went Out on a Hungry Plight	26	(.. 16)
	King Arthur	49	(.. 9)
FEBRUARY	My Valentine	32	(.. 32)
	Scotland's Burning	34	(.. 22)
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	The Top	33	(P.S. 50)
MARCH	Awake	28	(L.& L. 93)
	A Mad Tea Party	29	(.. 63)
	Marguerites	40	(.. 72)
	Liesel the Goose Girl	41	(.. 5)
	The Train	42	(P.S. 56)
APRIL	Pussy Willow (Who is Hiding)	43	(L.& L. 66)
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	Dandelion	47	(P.S. 70)
MAY	Flower's Cradle Song	30	(.. 42)
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	Tripping We Go	52	(.. 19)

BOOK III

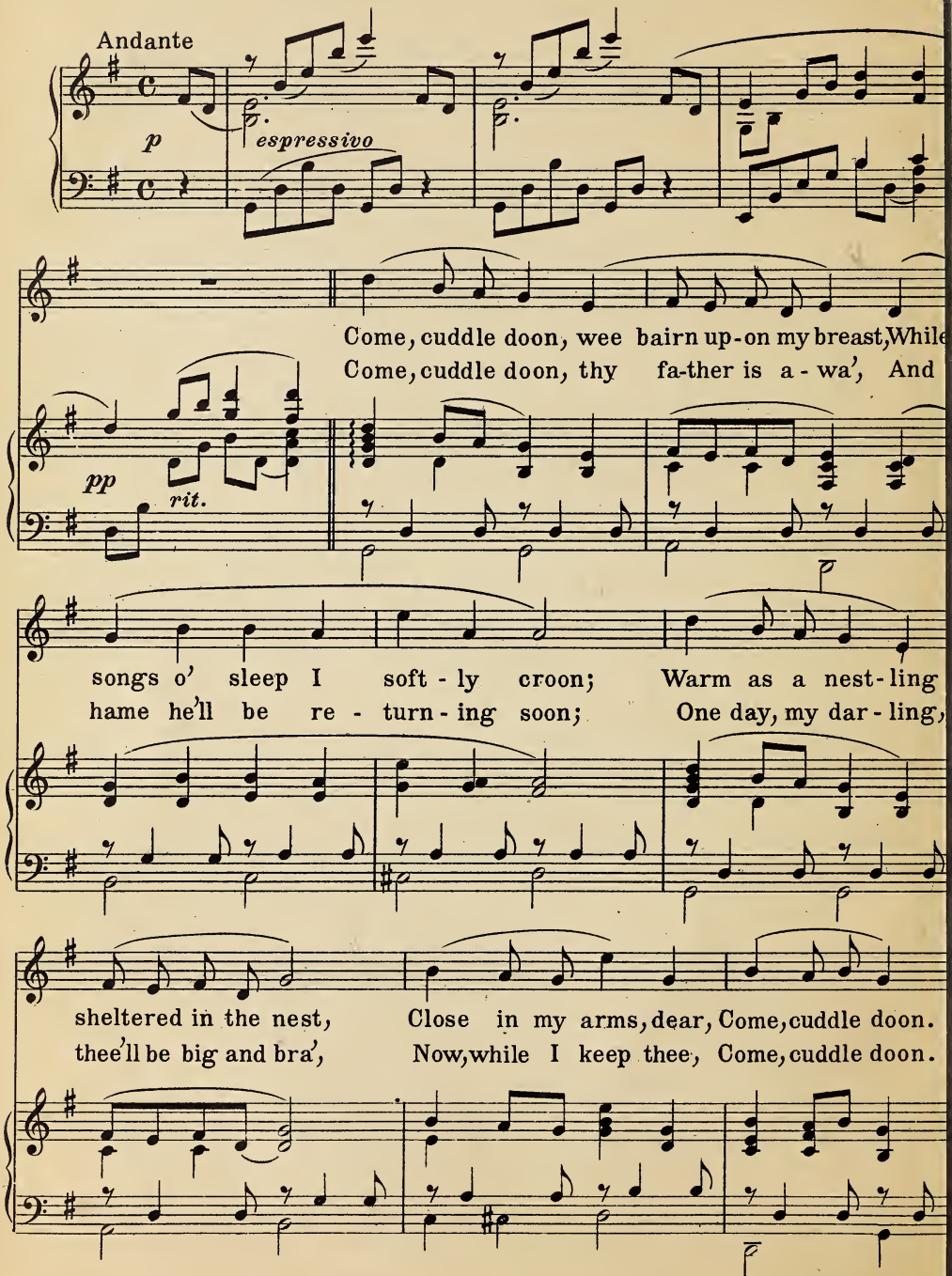
		Pages in Playtime Series	Pages in Lilts & Lyrics and Playtime Songs
SEPTEMBER	Sir Grasshopper	2	
	Fire Flies	4	(P.S. 27)
	Song of the Sunflower	1	(L.& L. 75)
	King Pansy	5	(.. 76)
	Black Eyed Susan	7	(P.S. 59)
OCTOBER	Butterflies	6	(.. 52)
	An Early Morning Pastoral	8	(.. 38)
	Bringing the Cattle Home	10	(L.& L. 48)
	Fly Away	12	(.. 100)
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	The Slumber Boat	55	(.. 14)
	The Minuet	31	(.. 54)
DECEMBER	The Star of Bethlehem	18	(.. 16)
	Cuddle Doon	25	(.. 2)
	The Slumber Boat	55	(.. 14)
	The Jap Doll	26	(.. 10)
	My Dear Jerushy	22	(.. 20)
JANUARY	The Tailor	29	(L.& L. 21)
	Yourself	30	(P. S. 46)
	Frau Schwalbe	32	(L.& L. 85)
FEBRUARY	When the Regiment Goes Marching By	34	(.. 26)
	The Regiment	40	(.. 30)
MARCH	The Wind	33	(P.S. 48)
	Pussy Willow (Once a Pussy Willow)	35	(.. 45)
	The Kite	36	(L.& L. 46)
	The Discontented Duckling	38	(P. S. 30)
	O Little Bird	15	(.. 73)
APRIL	To a Dandelion	41	(L.& L. 74)
	O Stately Lilies	42	(P. S. 1)
	On Easter Morn	43	(.. 74)
	Pit-a-Pat	44	(.. 66)
	A Tiny Fish I'd Like to Be	28	(.. 6)
MAY	The Grass	46	(.. 68)
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	A Sail	51	(L.& L. 60)
JUNE	Orchestra of June	52	
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	Marguerites	56	(L.& L. 72)

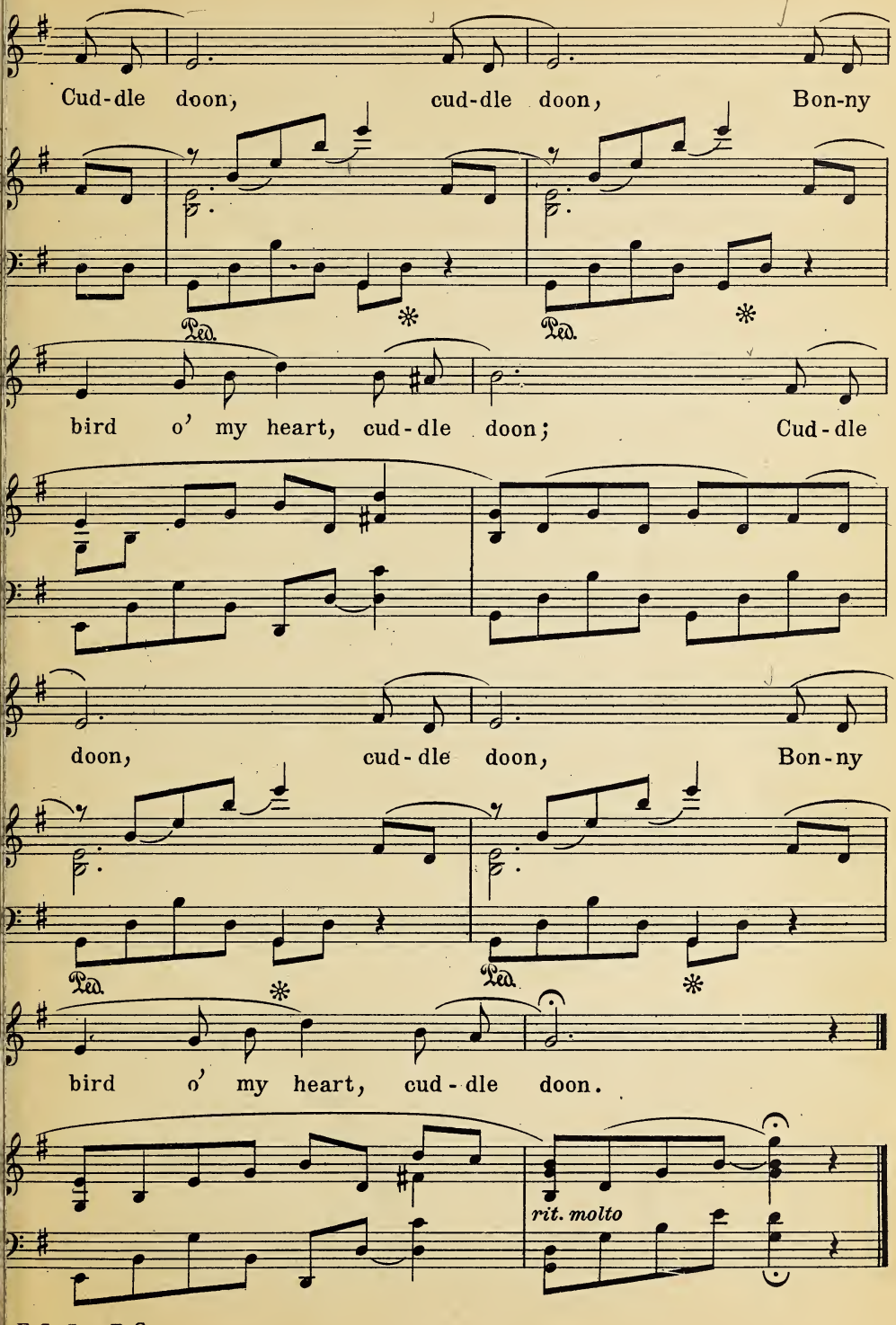
O STATELY LILIES!

Andante

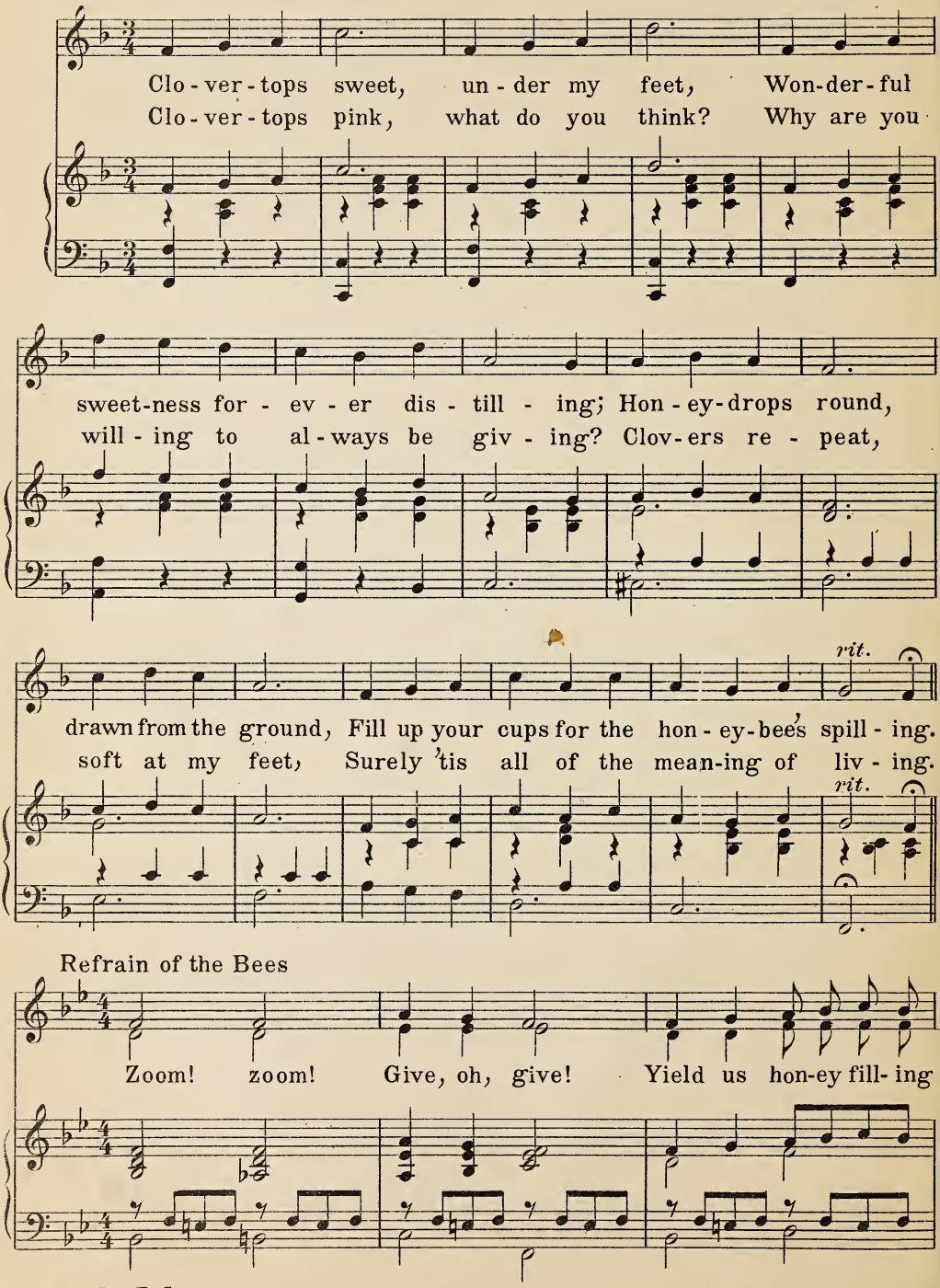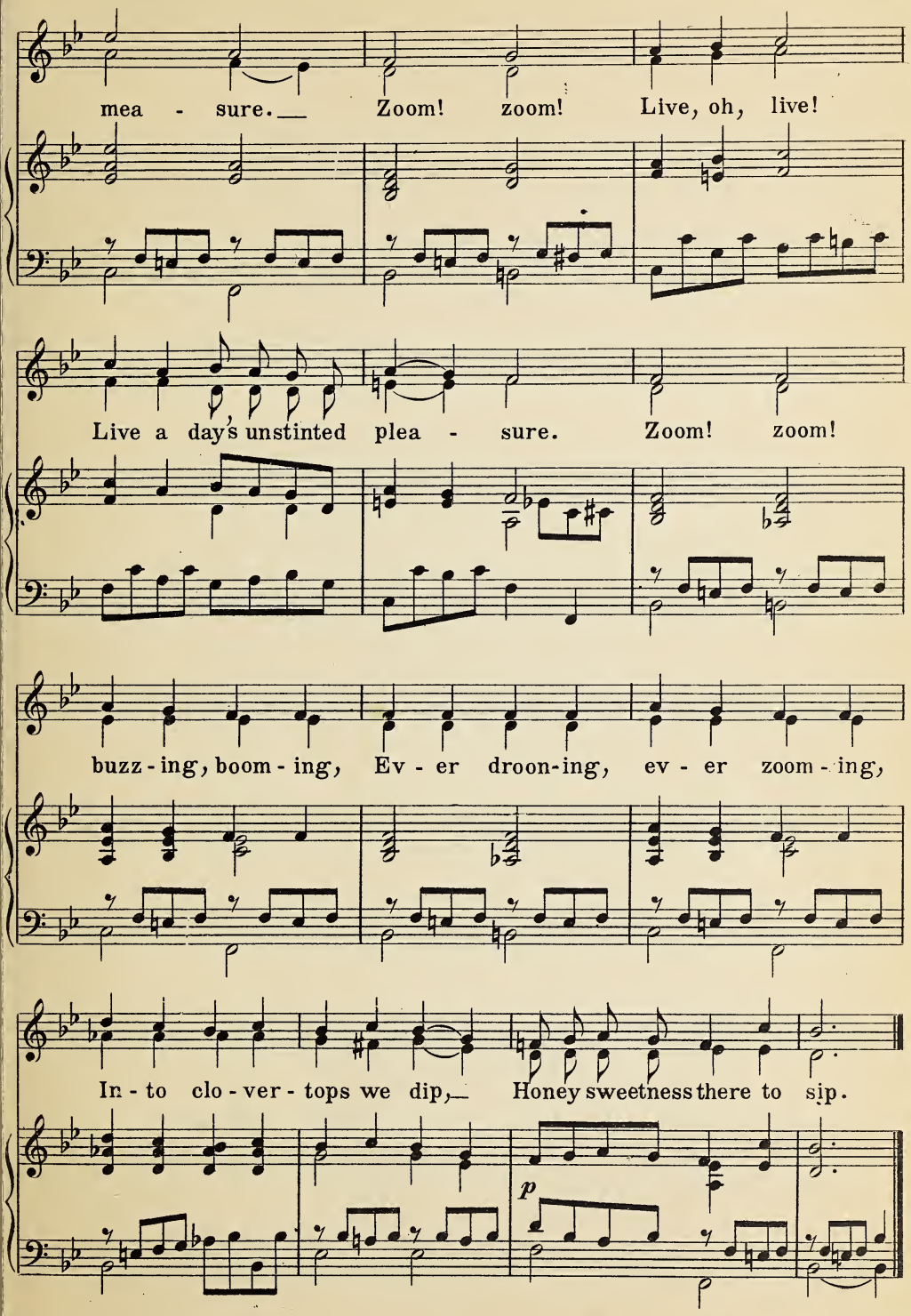


CUDDLE DOON


Andante
p
espressivo
Come, cuddle doon, wee bairn up-on my breast, While
Come, cuddle doon, thy fa-ther is a-wa', And
pp
rit.
songs o' sleep I soft-ly croon; Warm as a nest-ling
hame he'll be re-turn-ing soon; One day, my dar-ling,
sheltered in the nest, Close in my arms, dear, Come, cuddle doon.
thee'll be big and bra', Now, while I keep thee, Come, cuddle doon.

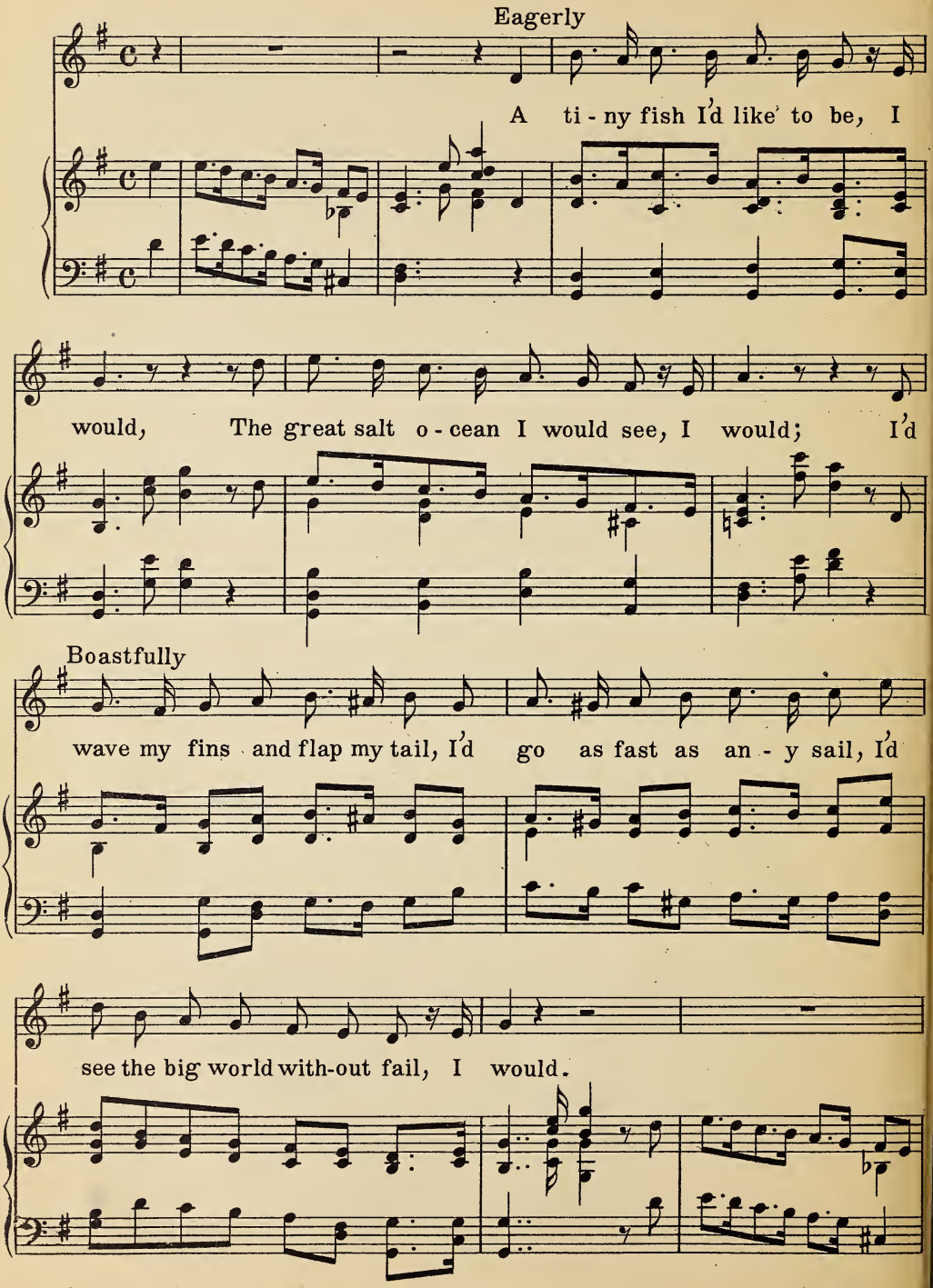

Cud-dle doon, cud-dle doon, Bon-ny
Ped. * Ped. *
bird o' my heart, cud-dle doon; Cud-dle
doon, cud-dle doon, Bon-ny
Ped. * Ped. *
bird o' my heart, cud-dle doon.
rit. molto

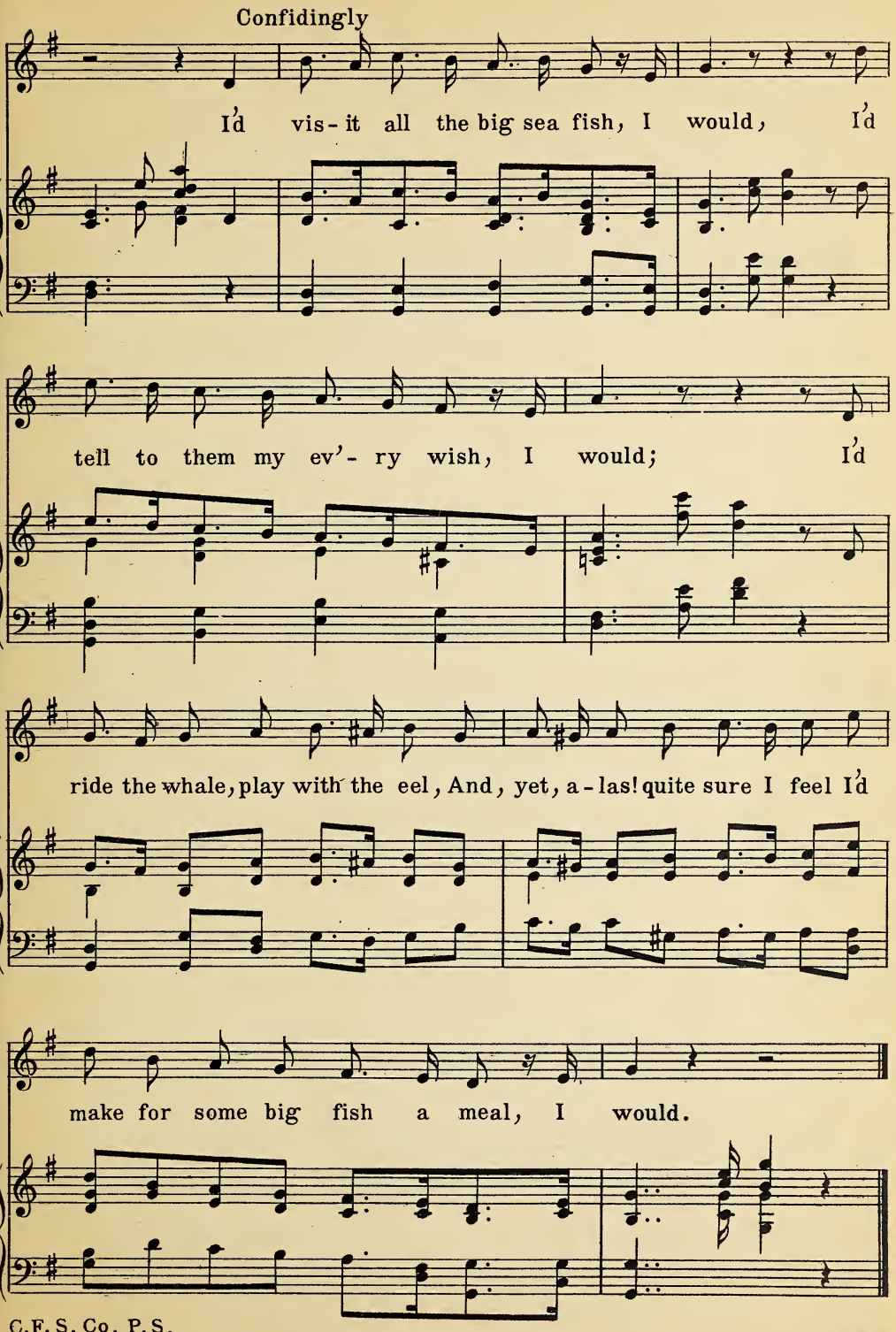
THE CLOVER TOPS



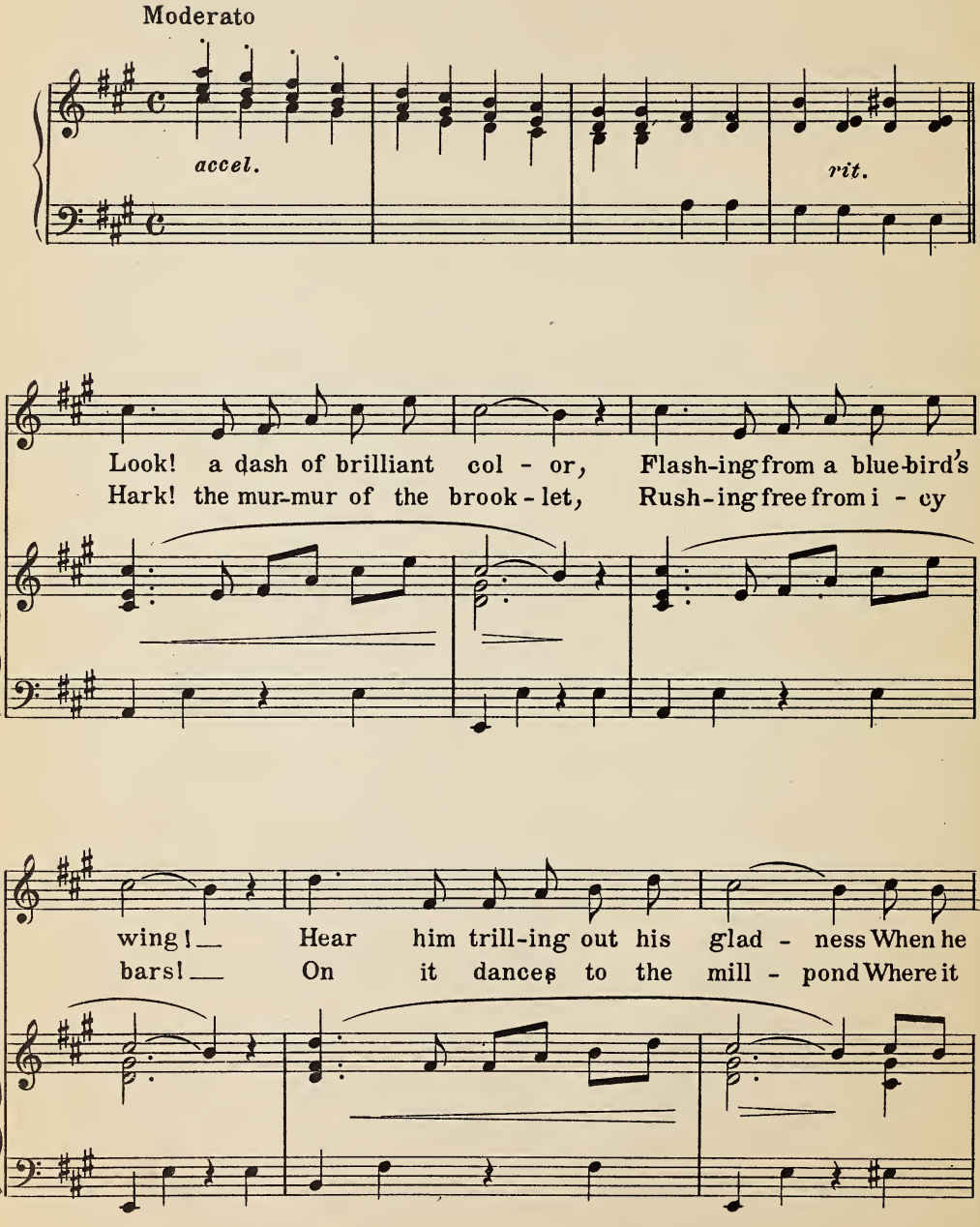

mea - sure. Zoom! zoom! Live, oh, live!
Live a day's unstinted plea - sure. Zoom! zoom!
buzz - ing, boom - ing, Ev - er droon-ing, ev - er zoom - ing,
In - to clo - ver - tops we dip, Honey sweetness there to sip.
p

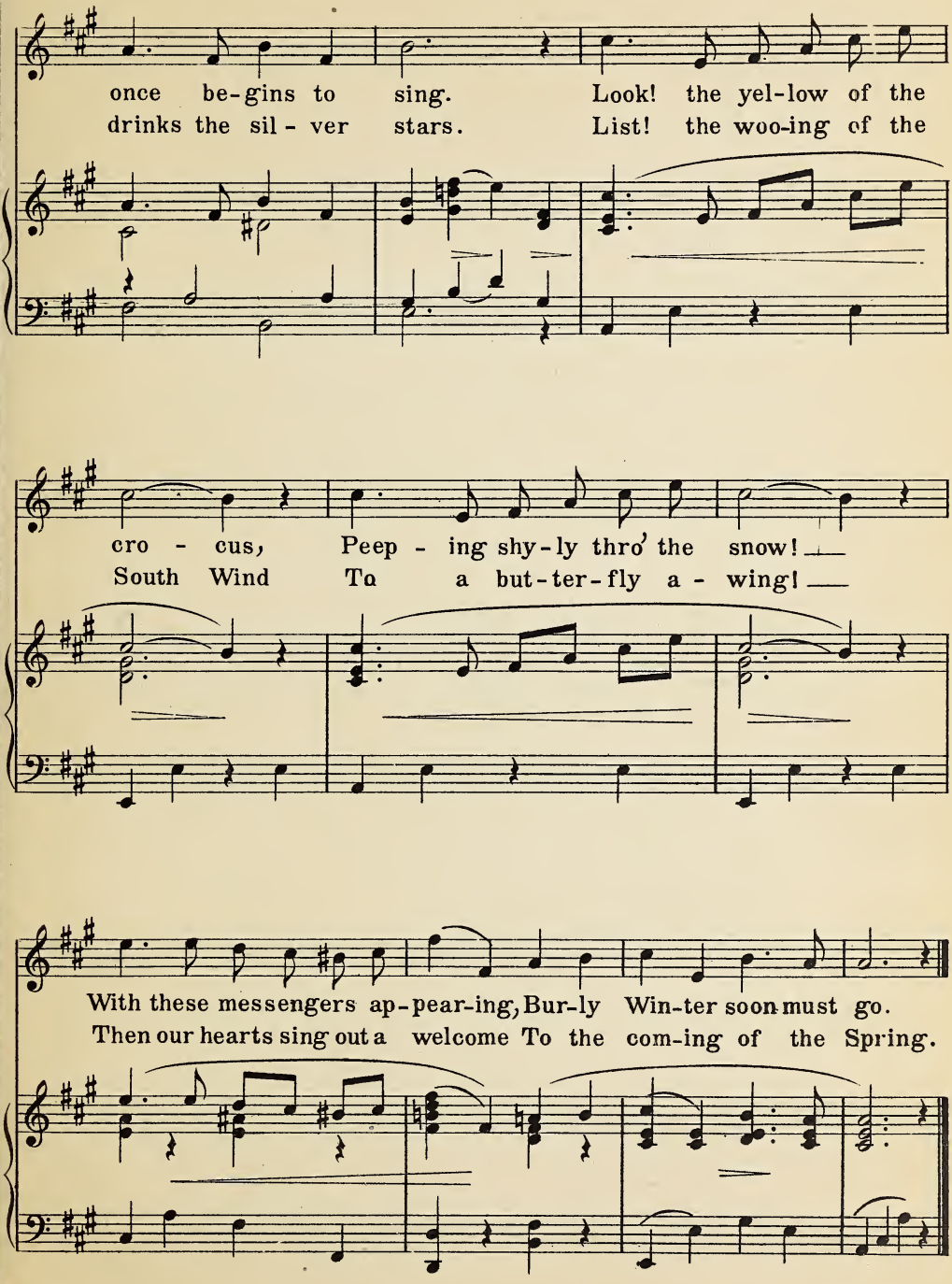
A TINY FISH I'D LIKE TO BE, I WOULD



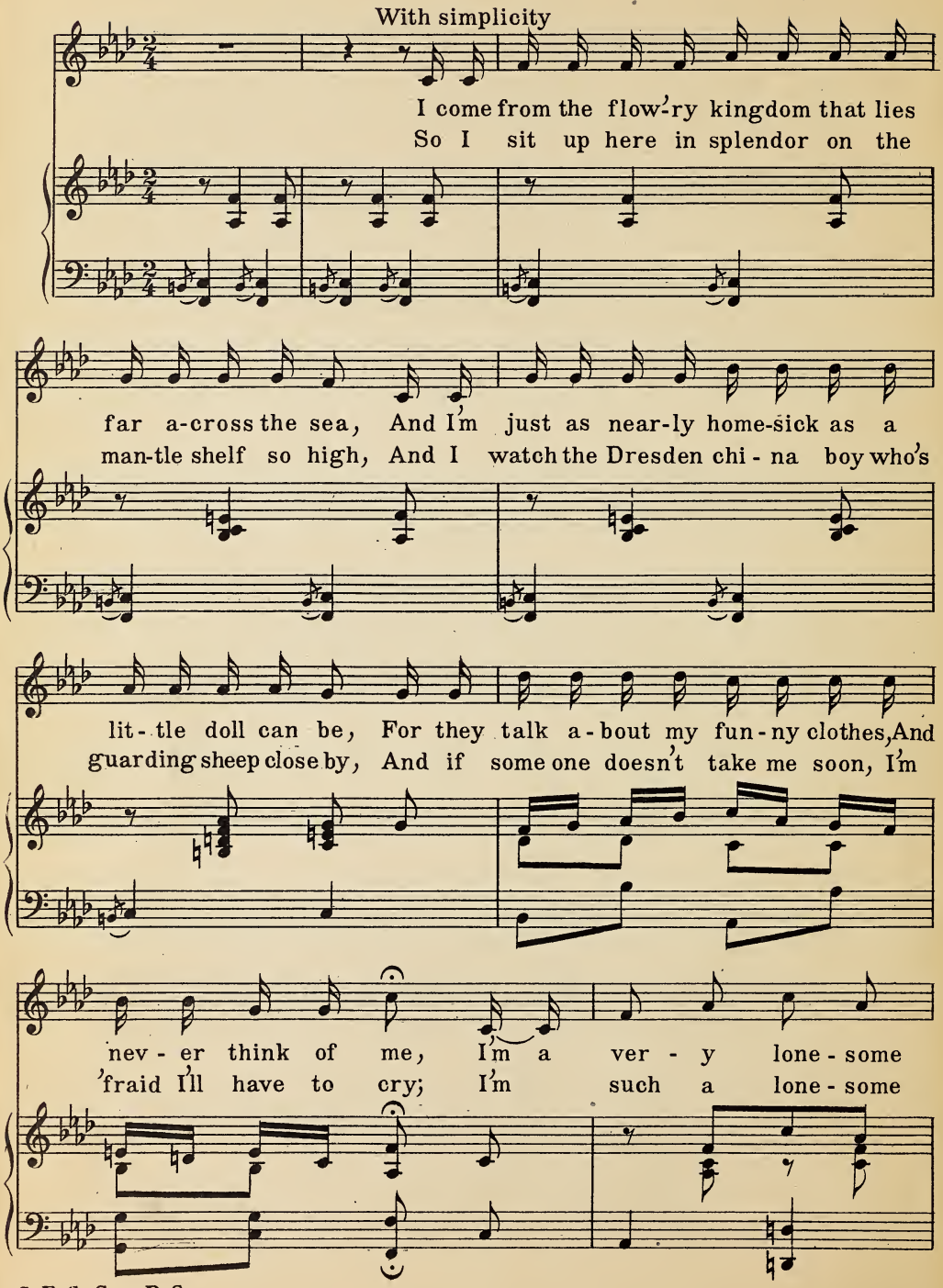

Confidingly
I'd vis-it all the big sea fish, I would, I'd
tell to them my ev'-ry wish, I would; I'd
ride the whale, play with the eel, And, yet, a-las! quite sure I feel I'd
make for some big fish a meal, I would.
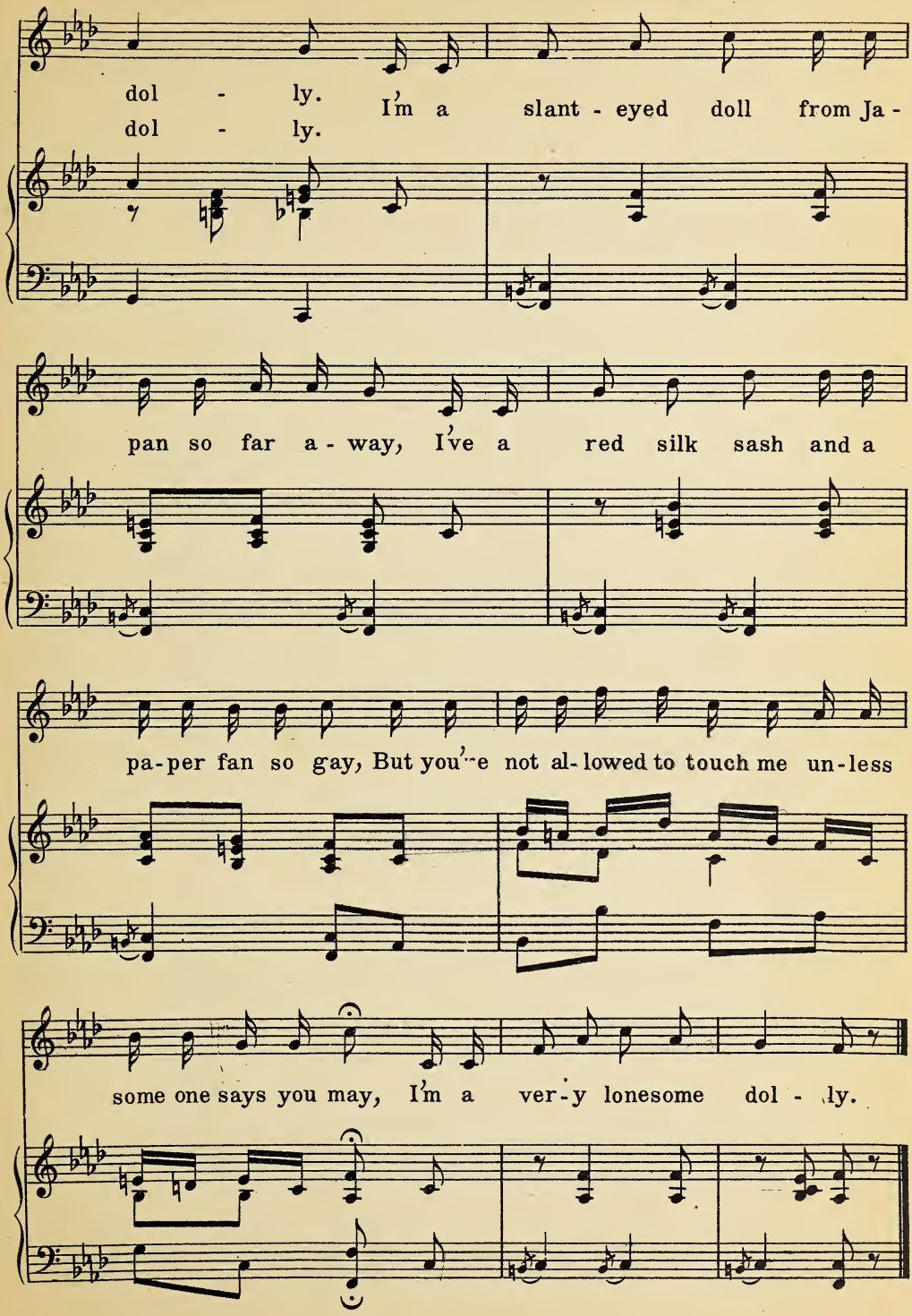
WELCOME SPRING



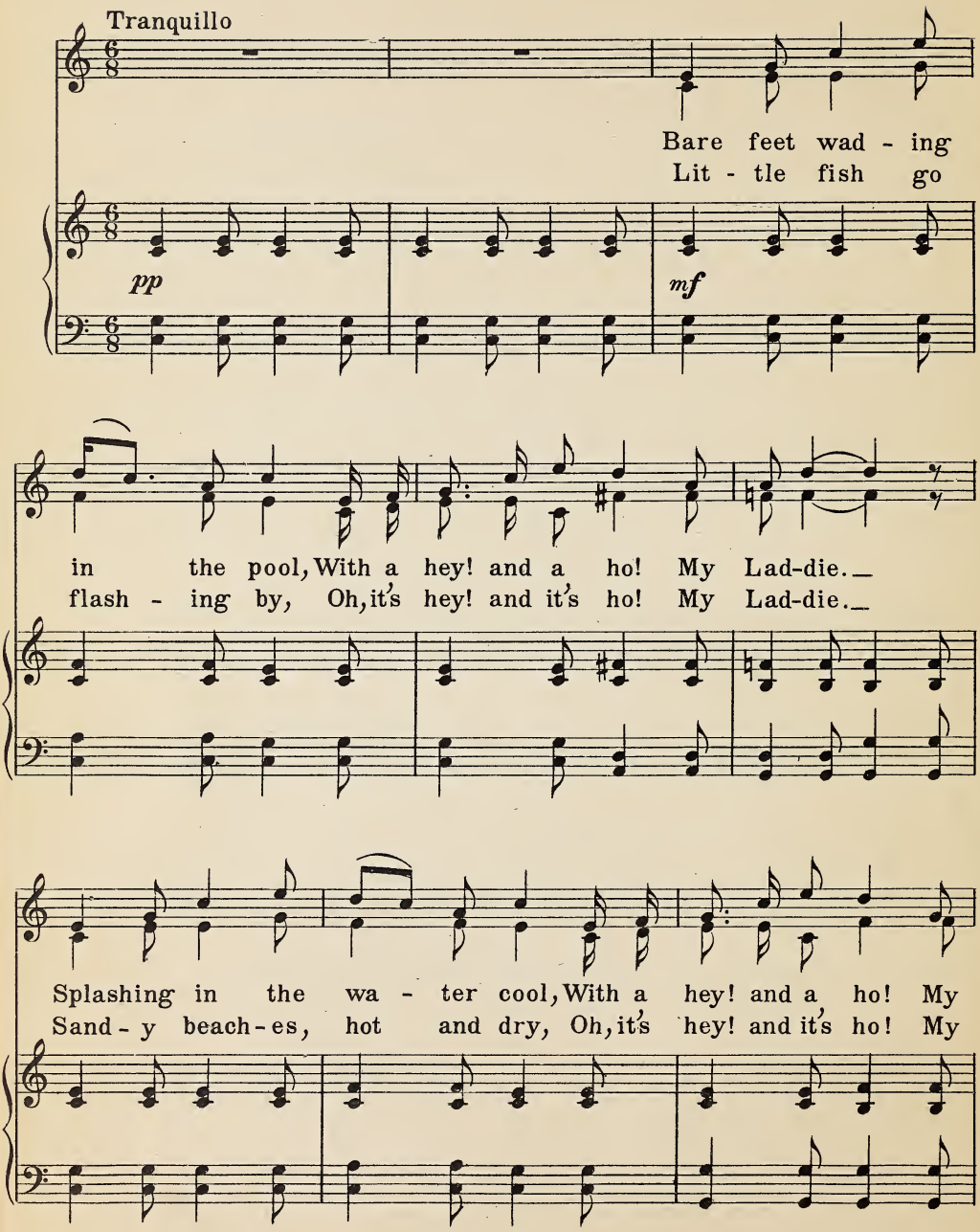

once be-gins to sing. Look! the yel-low of the
drinks the sil - ver stars. List! the woo-ing of the
cro - cus, Peep - ing shy-ly thro' the snow!
South Wind To a but-ter-fly a - wing!
With these messengers ap-pear-ing, Bur-ly Win-ter soon must go.
Then our hearts sing out a welcome To the com-ing of the Spring.

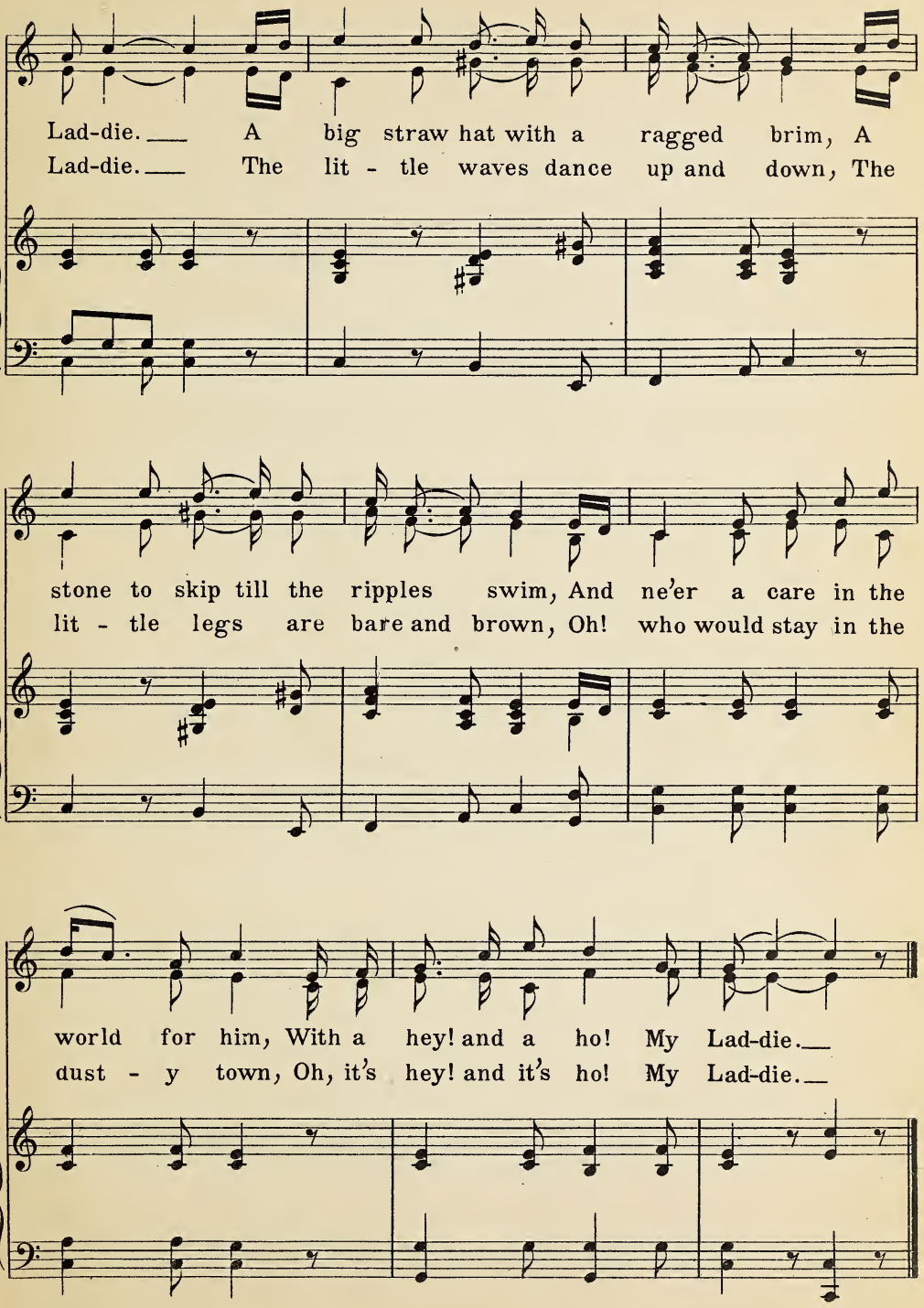
THE JAP DOLL


With simplicity
I come from the flow'-ry kingdom that lies
So I sit up here in splendor on the
far a-cross the sea, And I'm just as near-ly home-sick as a
man-tle shelf so high, And I watch the Dresden chi - na boy who's
lit - tle doll can be, For they talk a - bout my fun - ny clothes, And
guarding sheep close by, And if some one doesn't take me soon, I'm
nev - er think of me, I'm a ver - y lone - some
'fraid I'll have to cry; I'm such a lone - some


dol - ly. I'm a slant - eyed doll from Ja -
dol - ly.
pan so far a - way, I've a red silk sash and a
pa-per fan so gay, But you're not al-lowed to touch me un-less
some one says you may, I'm a ver-y lonesome dol - ly.

WADING

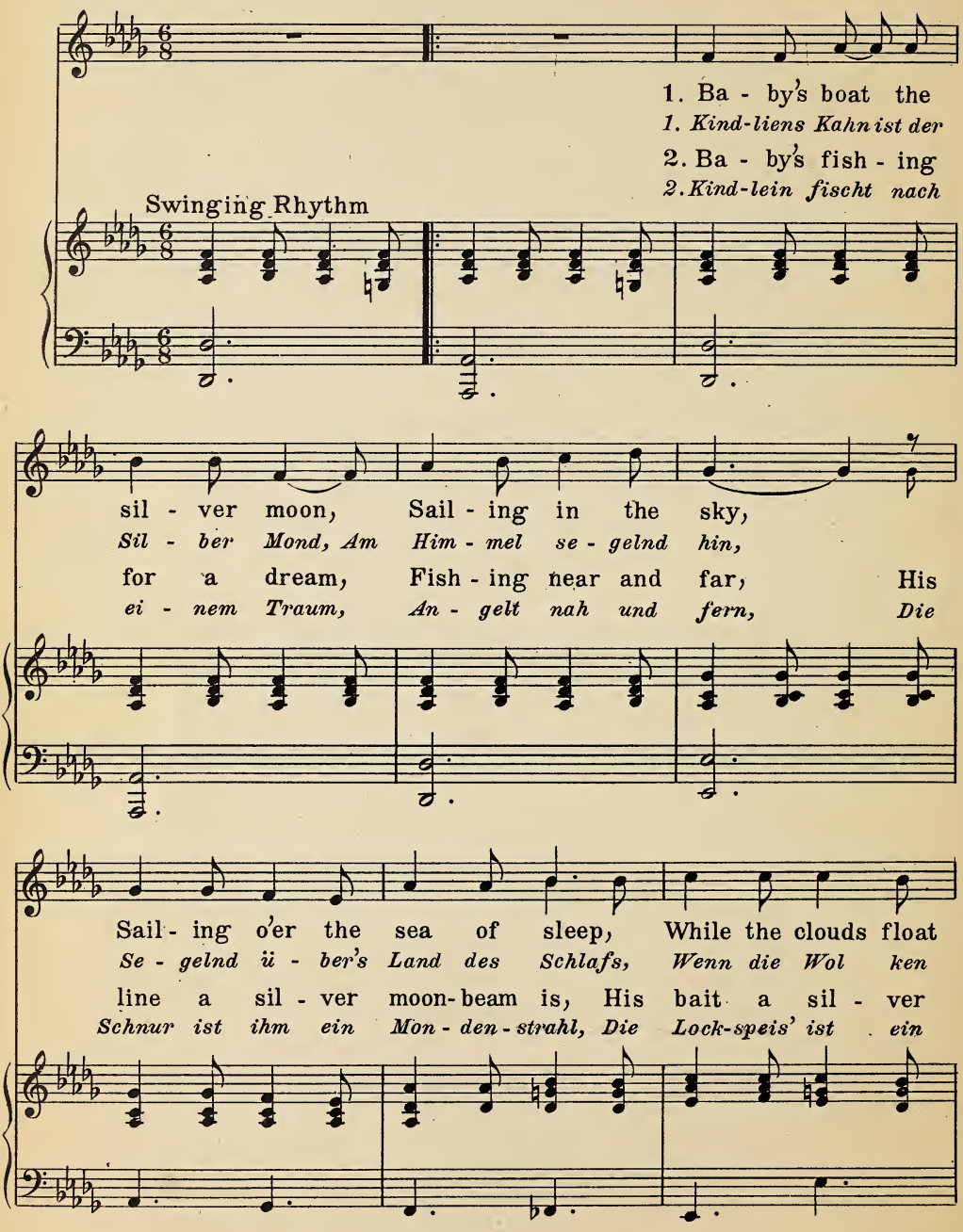

Tranquillo
Bare feet wad - ing
Lit - tle fish go
pp
mf
in the pool, With a hey! and a ho! My Lad-die.
flash - ing by, Oh, it's hey! and it's ho! My Lad-die.
Splashing in the wa - ter cool, With a hey! and a ho! My
Sand - y beach - es, hot and dry, Oh, it's hey! and it's ho! My
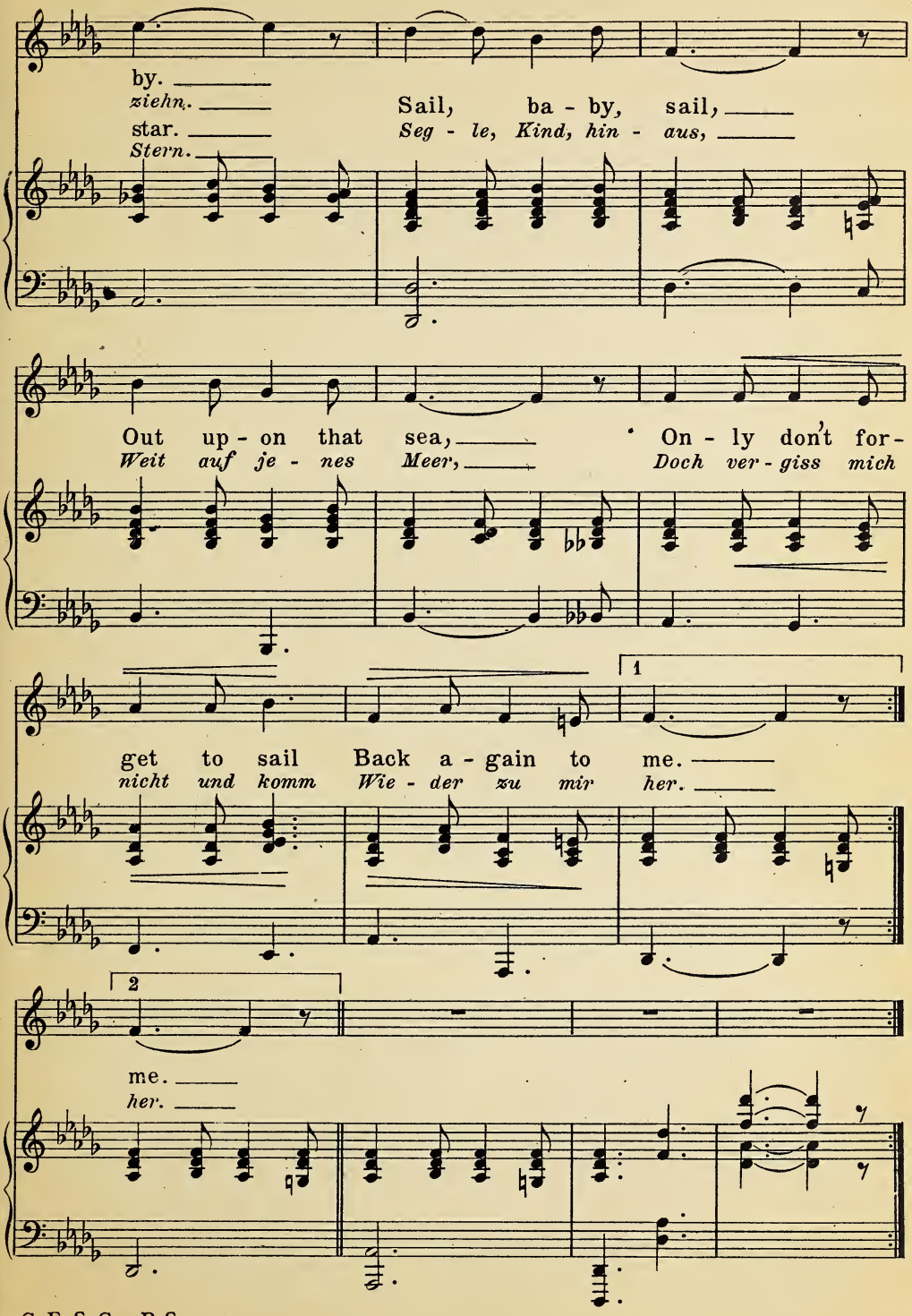

Lad-die. A big straw hat with a ragged brim, A
Lad-die. The lit - tle waves dance up and down, The
stone to skip till the ripples swim, And ne'er a care in the
lit - tle legs are bare and brown, Oh! who would stay in the
world for him, With a hey! and a ho! My Lad-die.
dust - y town, Oh, it's hey! and it's ho! My Lad-die.

THE SLUMBER BOAT

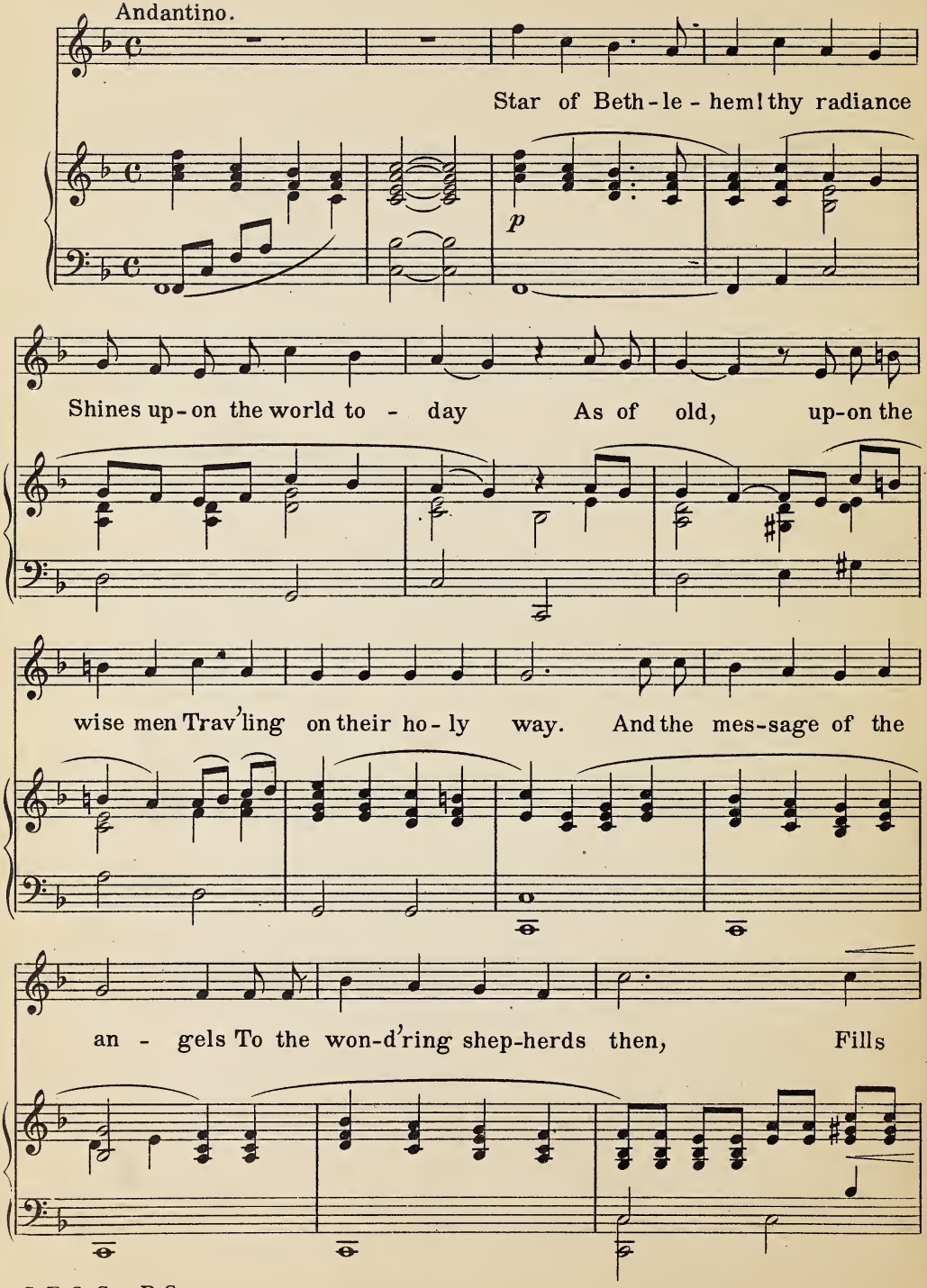
German version by Charlotte Stephani
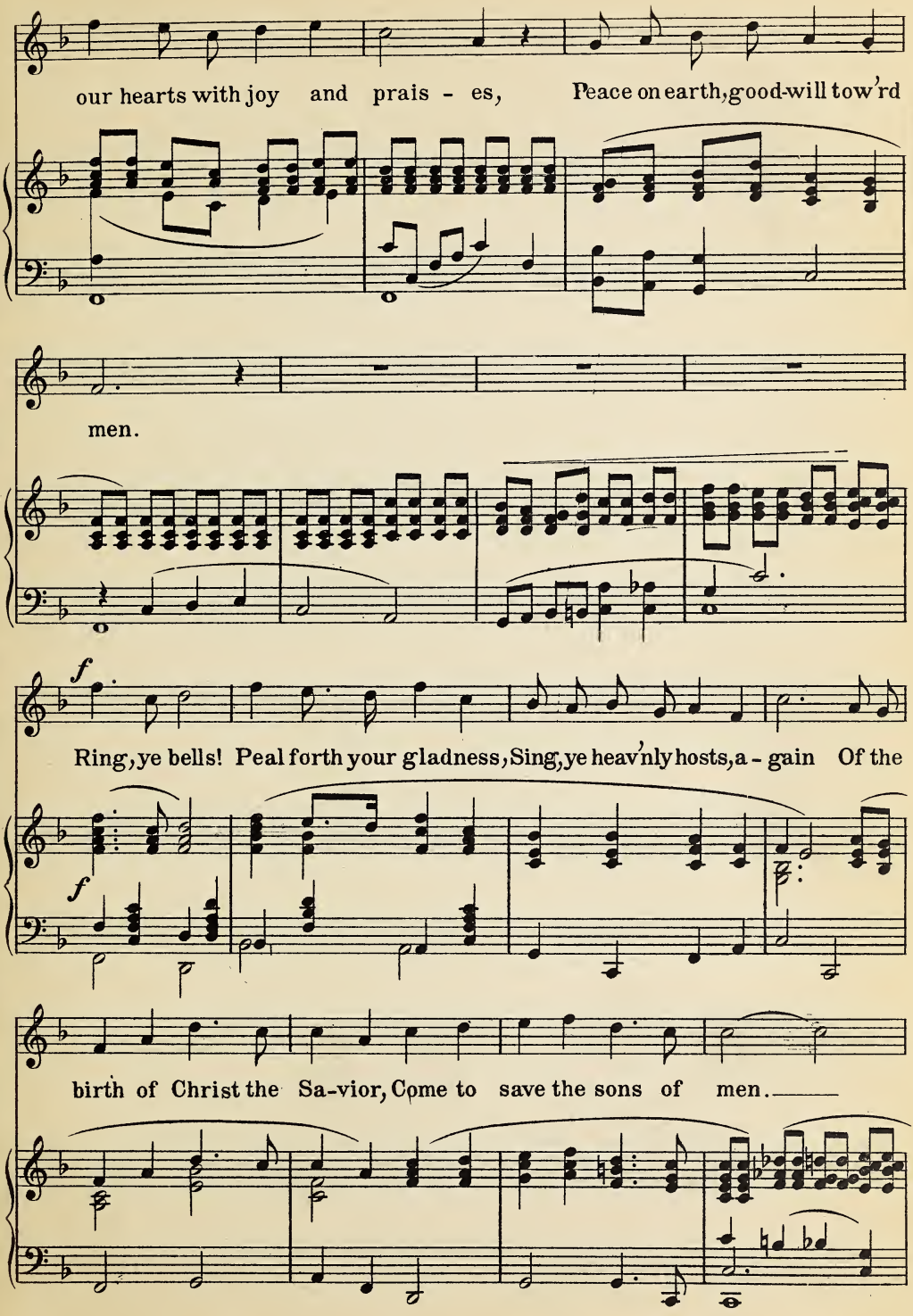
(DER SCHLUMMER KAHN)
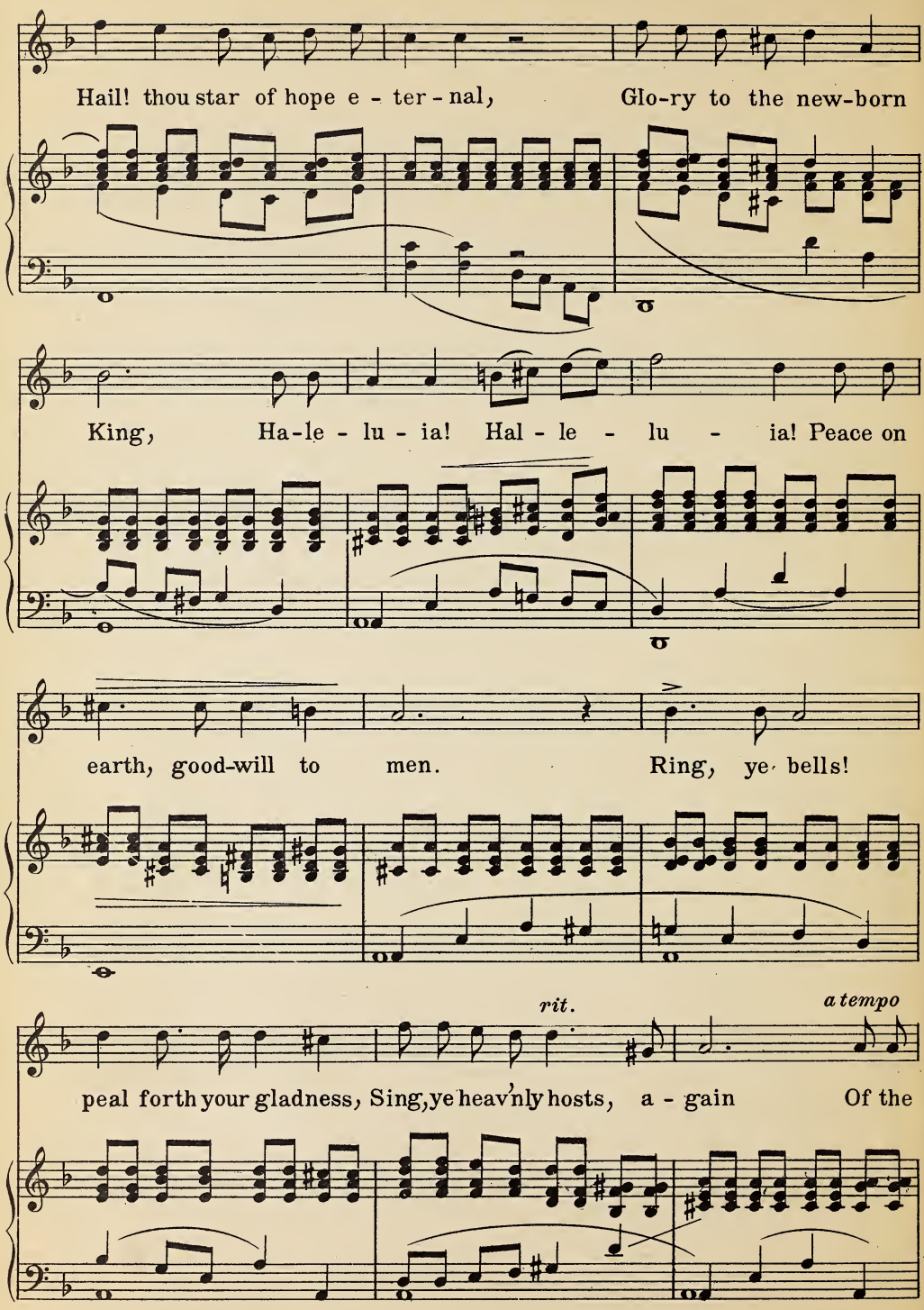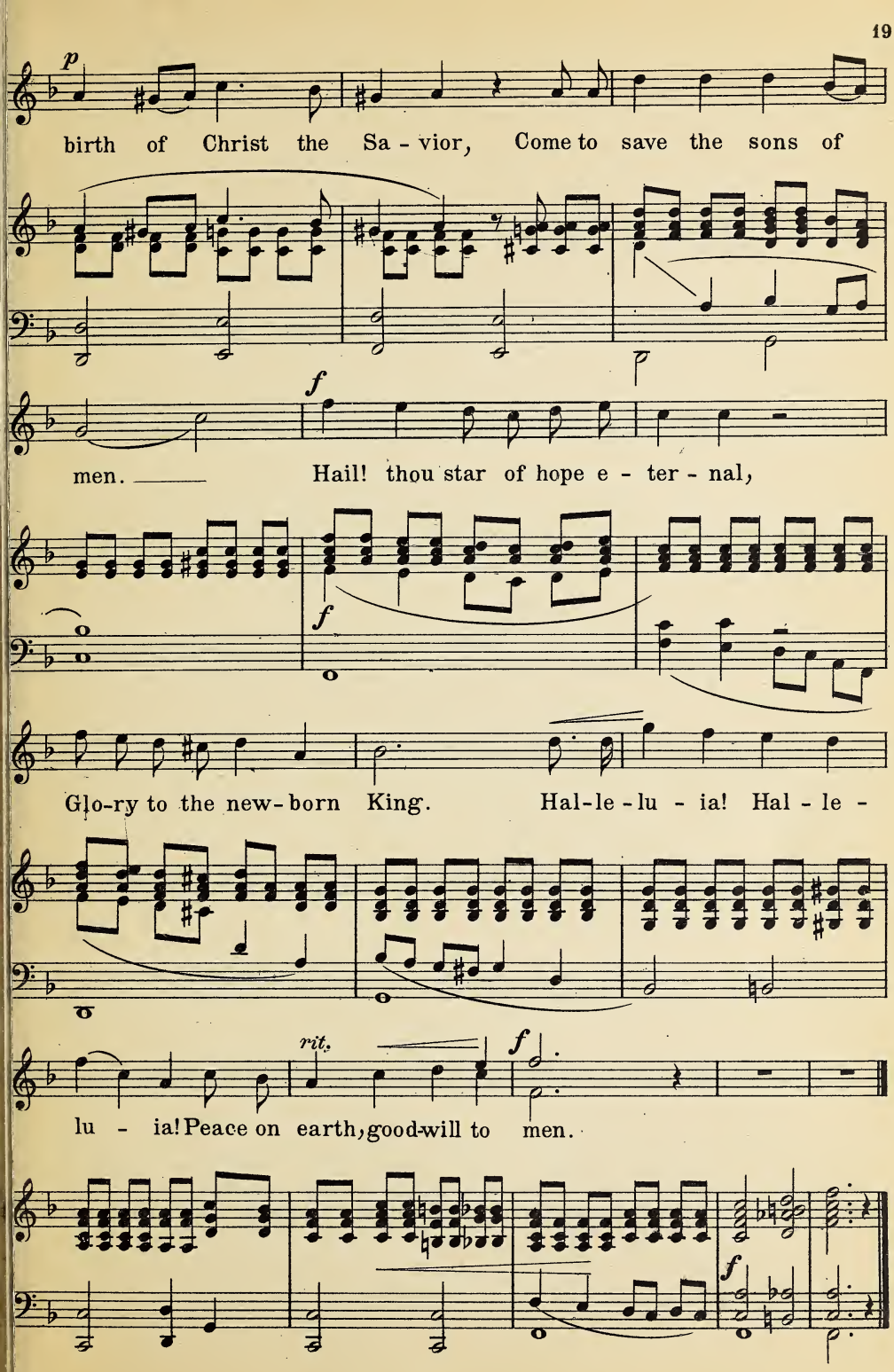



by.
ziehn.
star.
Stern.
Sail, ba - by, sail,
Seg - le, Kind, hin - aus,
Out up - on that sea,
Weit auf je - nes Meer,
On - ly don't for -
Doch ver - giss mich
1
get to sail
nicht und komm
Back a - gain to me.
Wie - der zu mir her.
2
me.
her.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

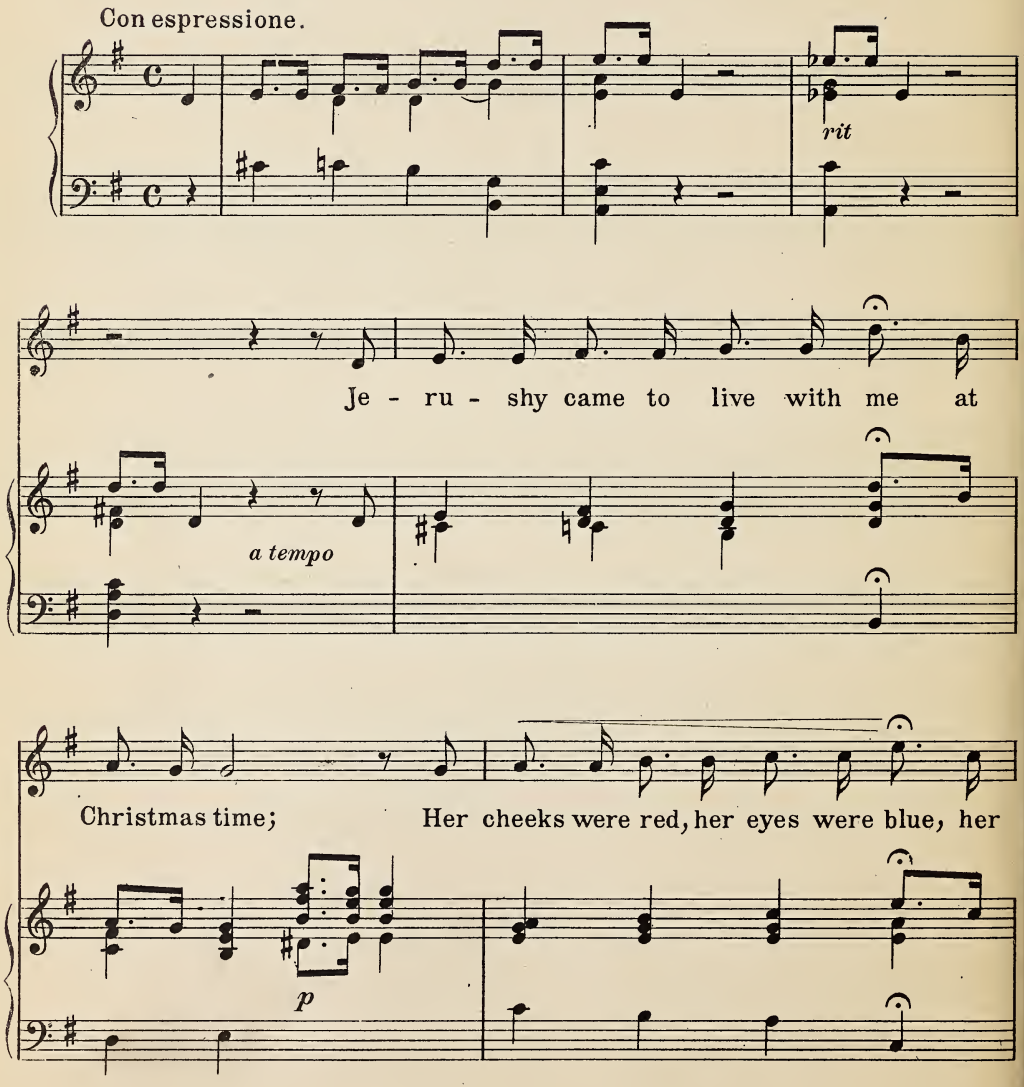


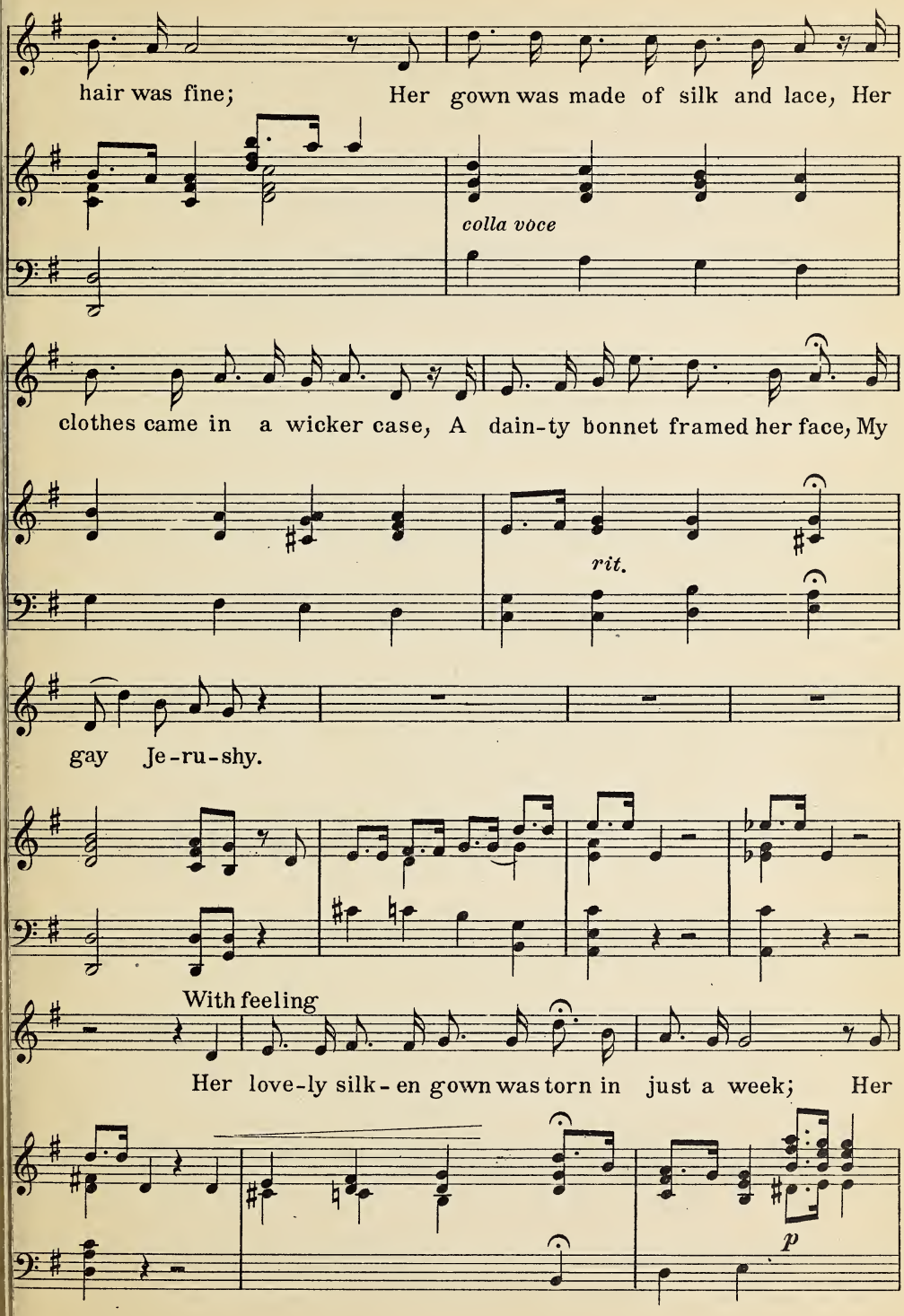

our hearts with joy and prais - es, Peace on earth, good-will tow'rd
men.
f
Ring, ye bells! Peal forth your gladness, Sing, ye heav'nly hosts, a - gain Of the
f
birth of Christ the Sa-vior, Come to save the sons of men.
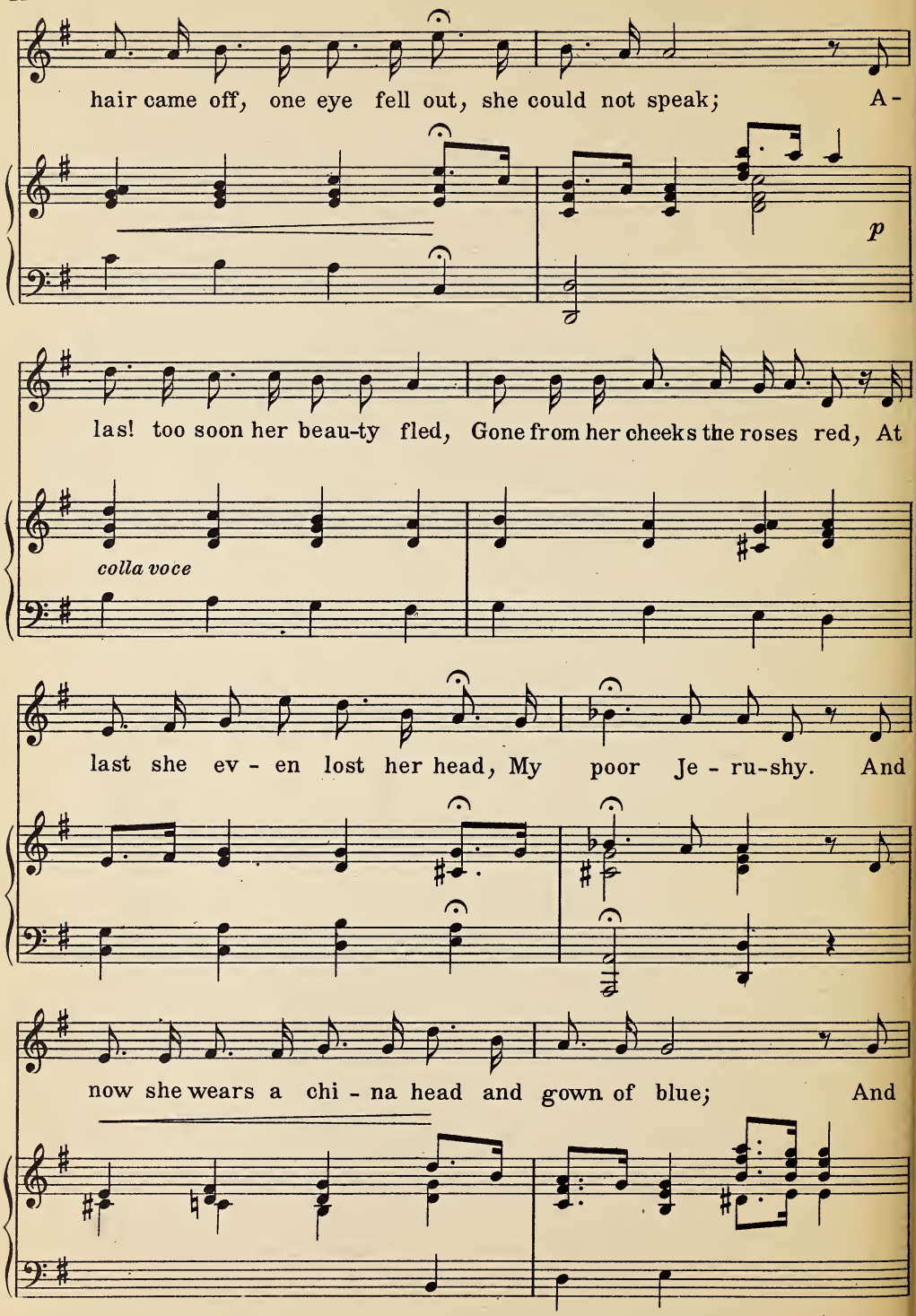

Hail! thou star of hope e - ter - nal, Glo-ry to the new-born
King, Ha-le - lu - ia! Hal - le - lu - ia! Peace on
earth, good-will to men. Ring, ye bells!
rit.
a tempo
peal forth your gladness, Sing, ye heav'nly hosts, a - gain Of the

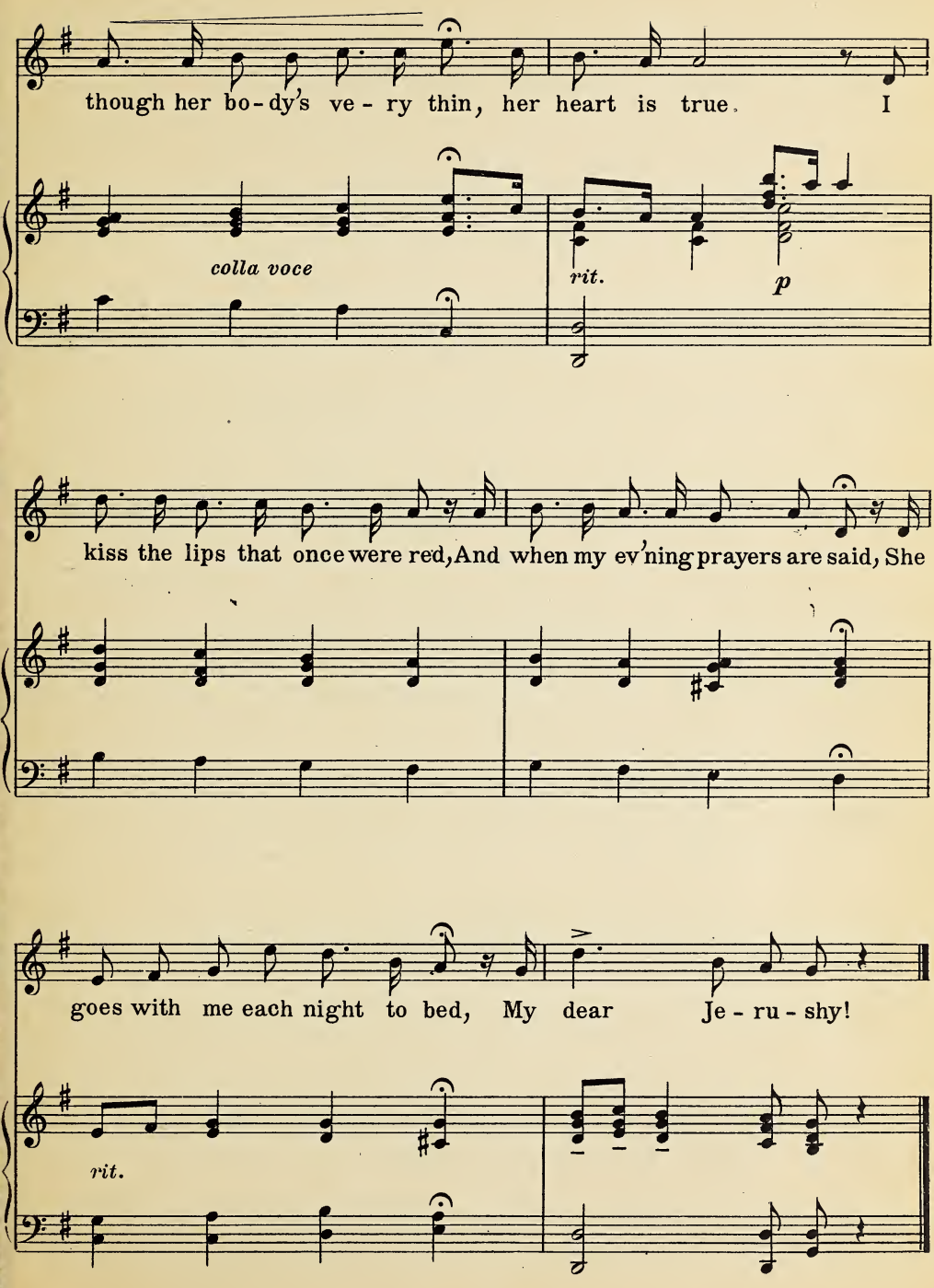

p
birth of Christ the Sa - vior, Come to save the sons of
f
men. Hail! thou star of hope e - ter - nal,
f
Glo-ry to the new-born King. Hal-le-lu - ia! Hal - le -
rit.
f
lu - ia! Peace on earth, good-will to men.
f

MY DEAR JERUSHY.

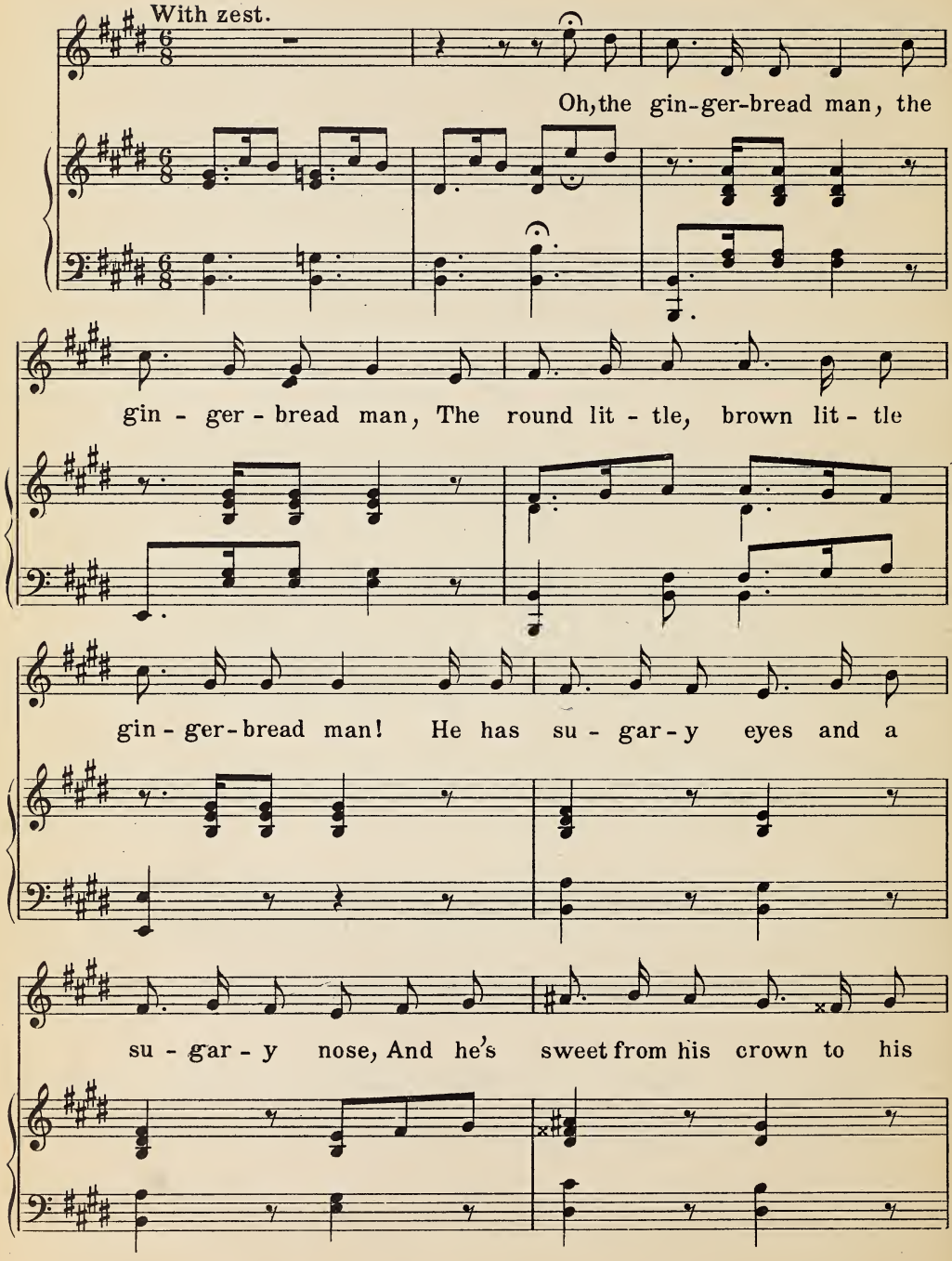


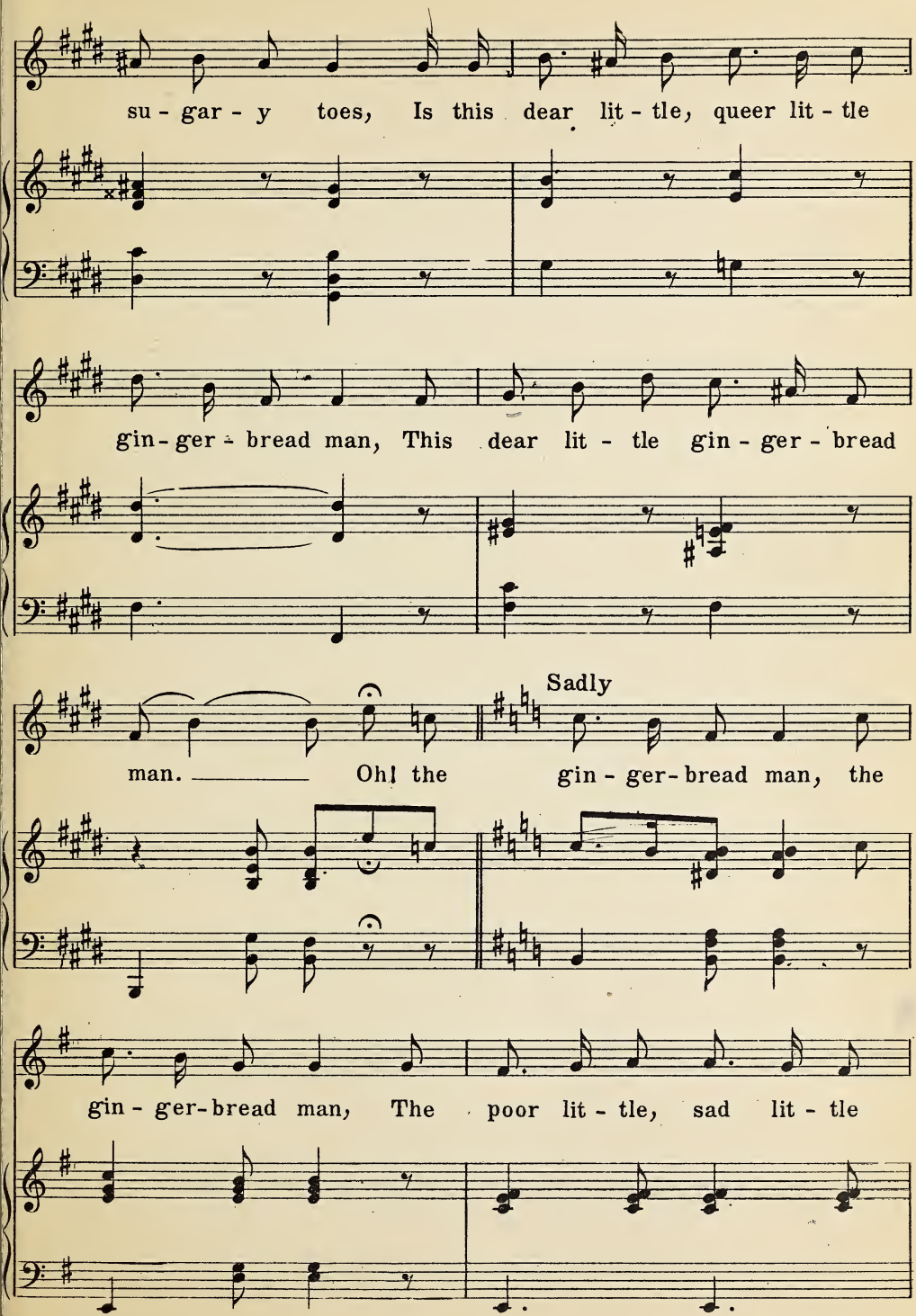

hair was fine; Her gown was made of silk and lace, Her
colla voce
clothes came in a wicker case, A dain-ty bonnet framed her face, My
rit.
gay Je-ru-shy.
With feeling
Her love-ly silk-en gown was torn in just a week; Her
p
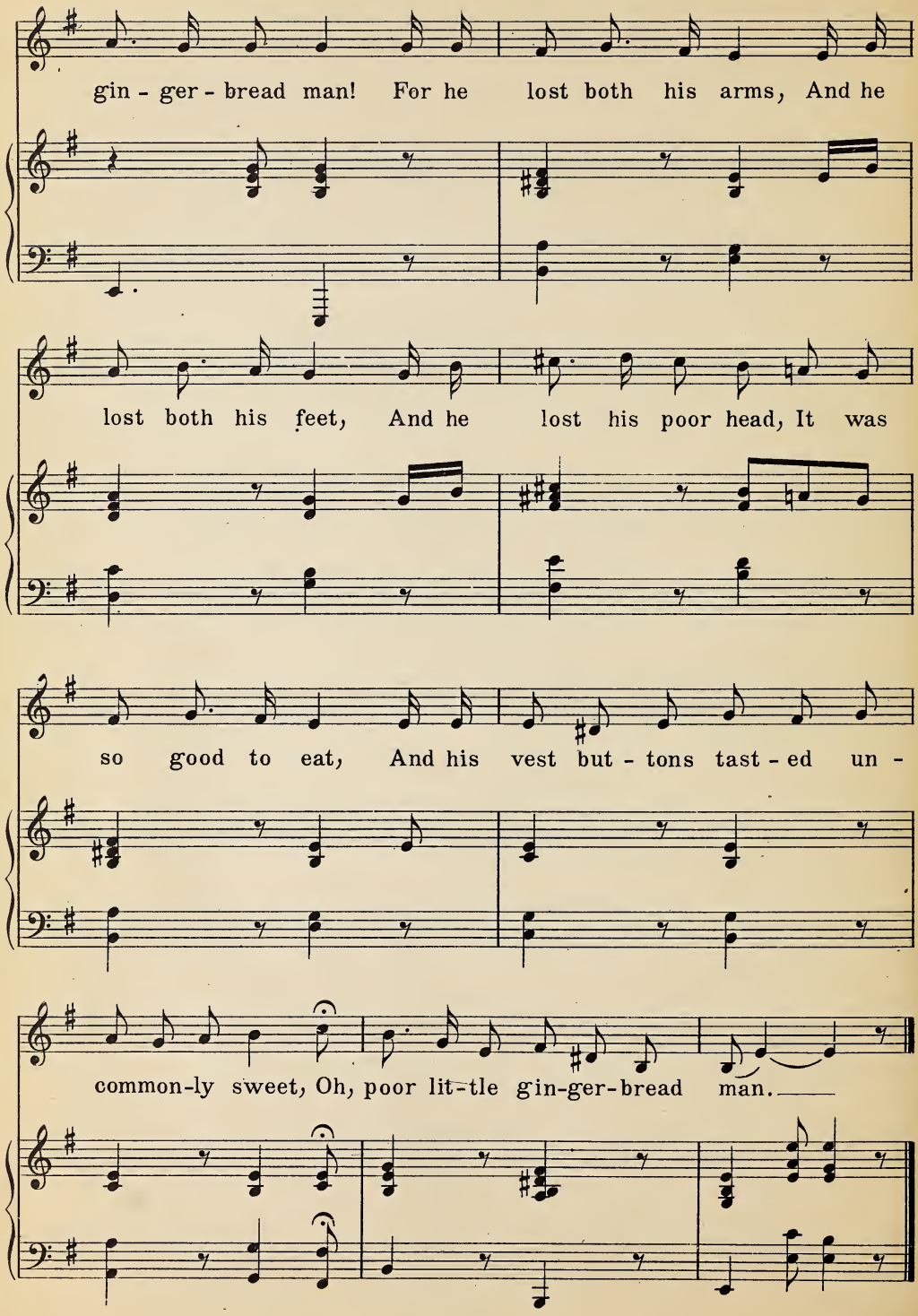

hair came off, one eye fell out, she could not speak; A-
p
las! too soon her beau-ty fled, Gone from her cheeks the roses red, At
colla voce
last she ev - en lost her head, My poor Je - ru-shy. And
now she wears a chi - na head and gown of blue; And


though her bo-dy's ve-ry thin, her heart is true. I
colla voce
rit.
p
kiss the lips that once were red, And when my ev'ning prayers are said, She
goes with me each night to bed, My dear Je-ru-shy!
rit.

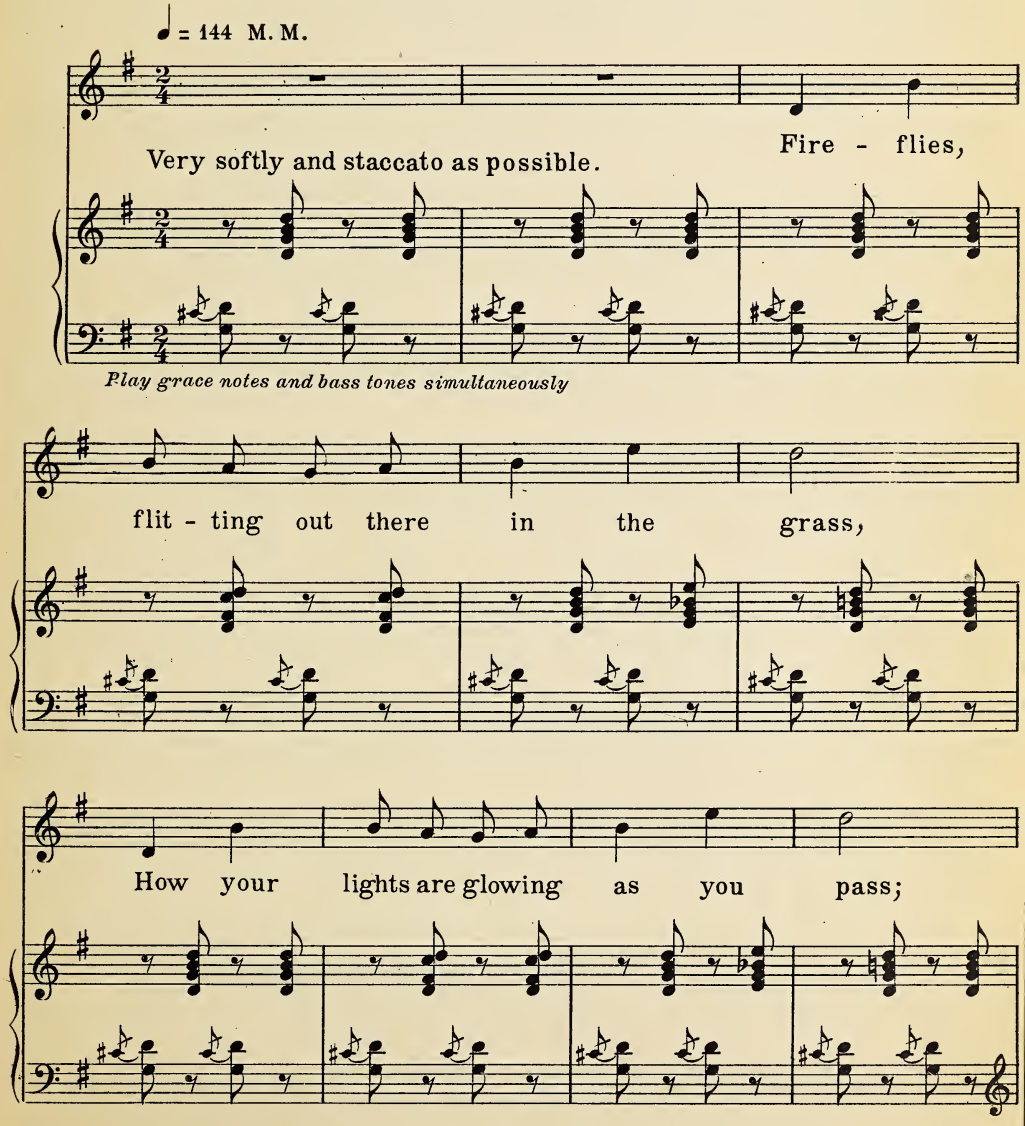
THE GINGER-BREAD MAN.
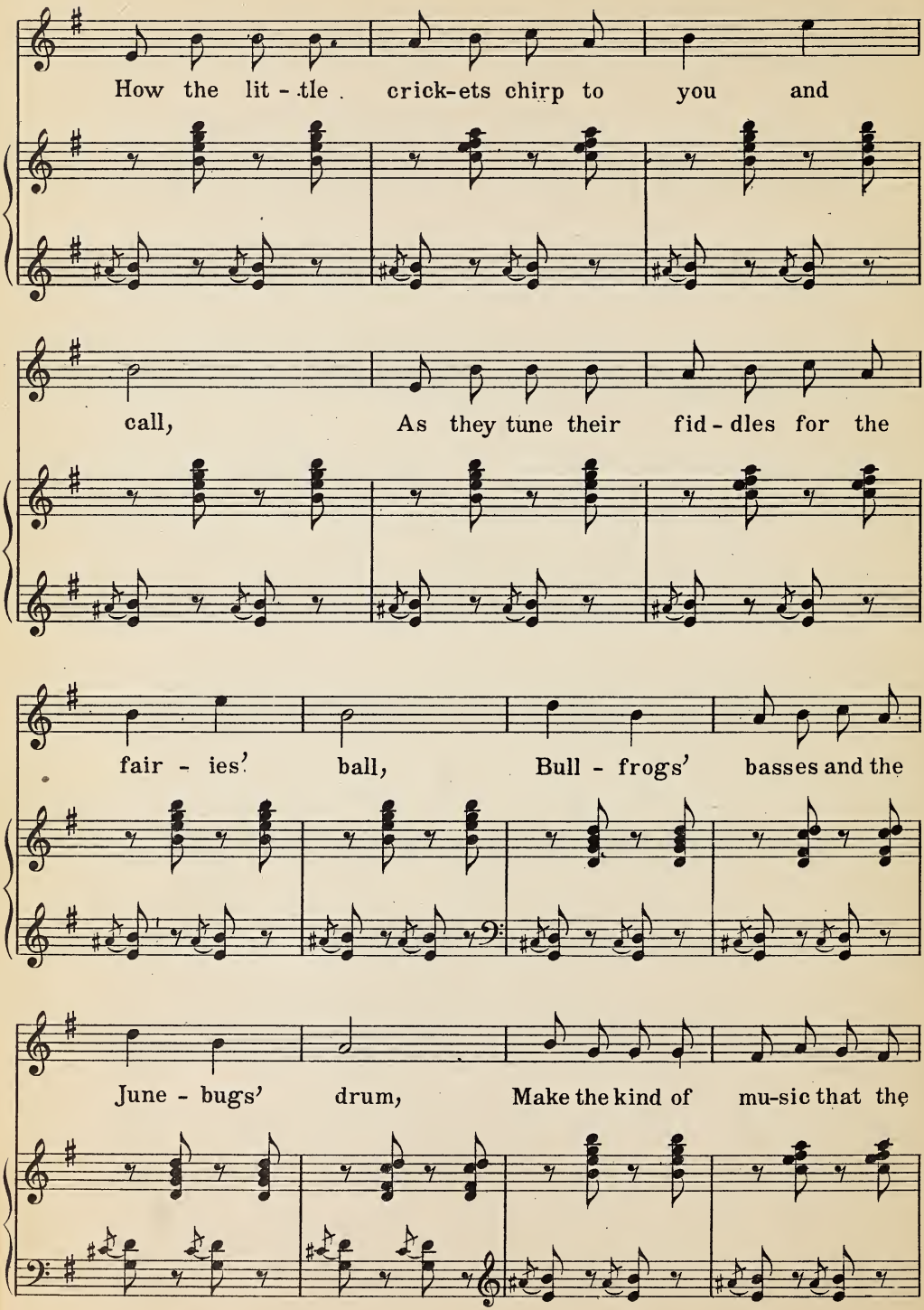


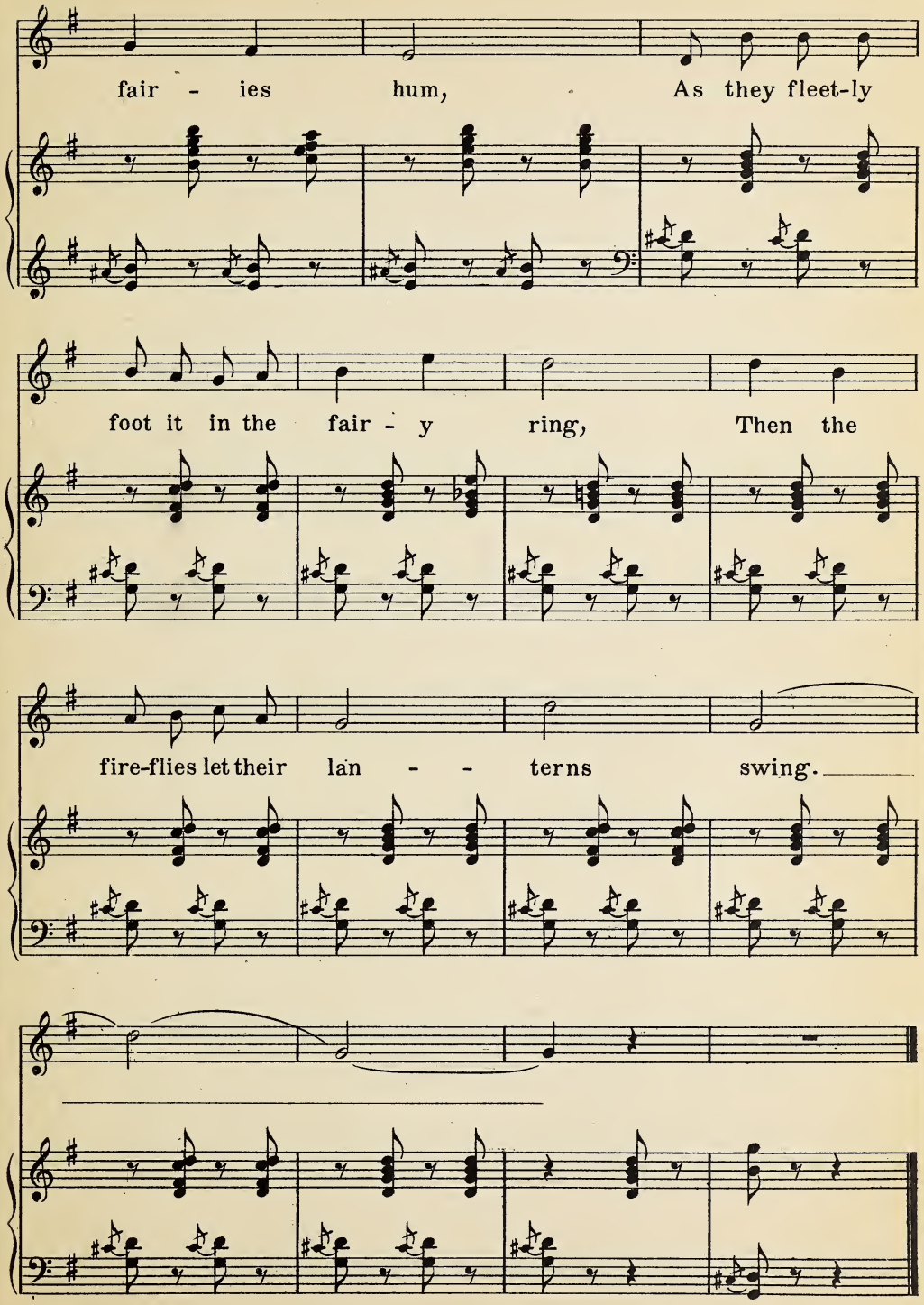

su - gar - y toes, Is this dear lit - tle, queer lit - tle
gin - ger - bread man, This dear lit - tle gin - ger - bread
man. Oh! the
Sadly
gin - ger-bread man, the
gin - ger-bread man, The poor lit - tle, sad lit - tle


gin - ger - bread man! For he lost both his arms, And he
lost both his feet, And he lost his poor head, It was
so good to eat, And his vest but - tons tast - ed un -
common-ly sweet, Oh, poor lit-tle gin-ger-bread man.
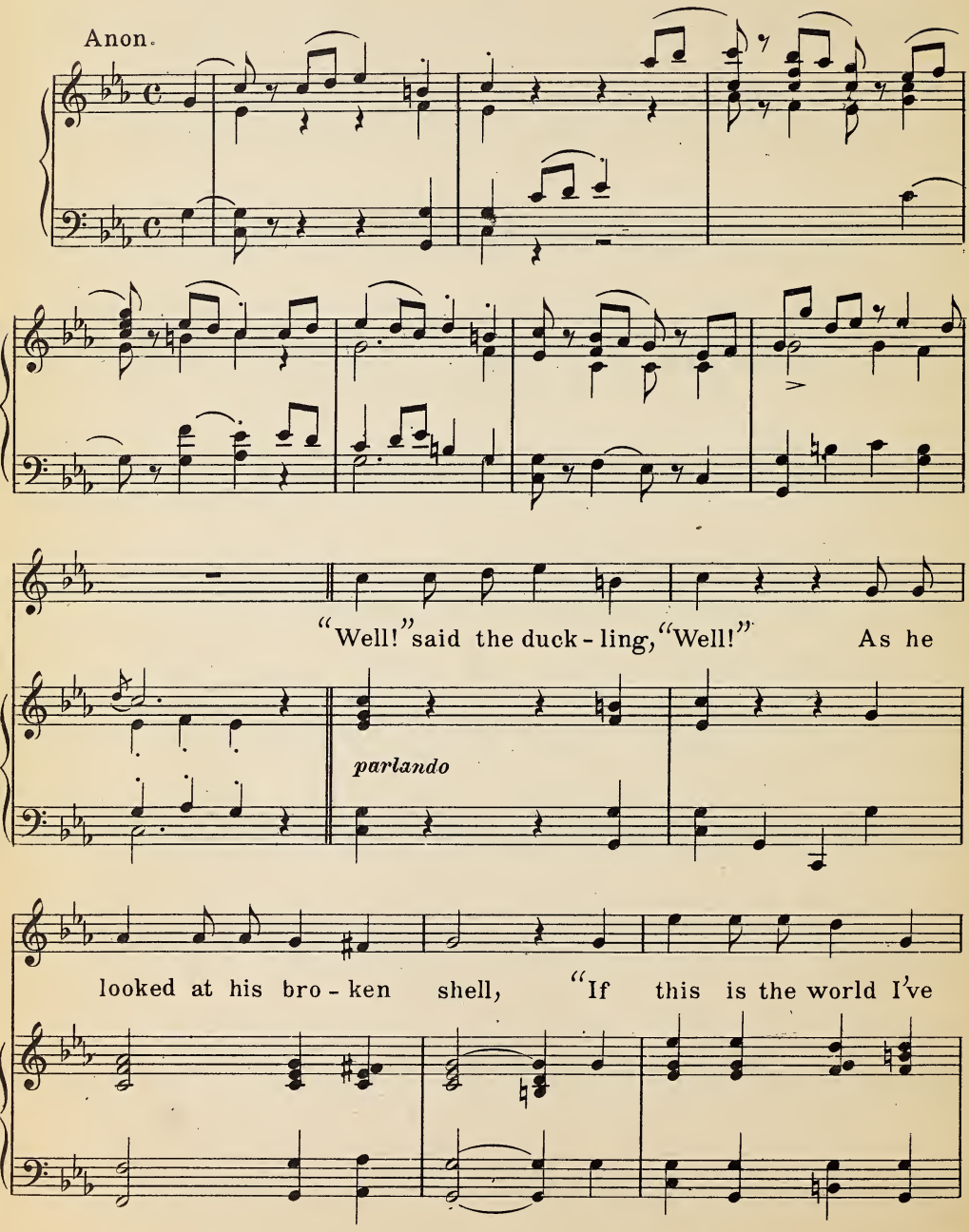
FIRE-FLIES.
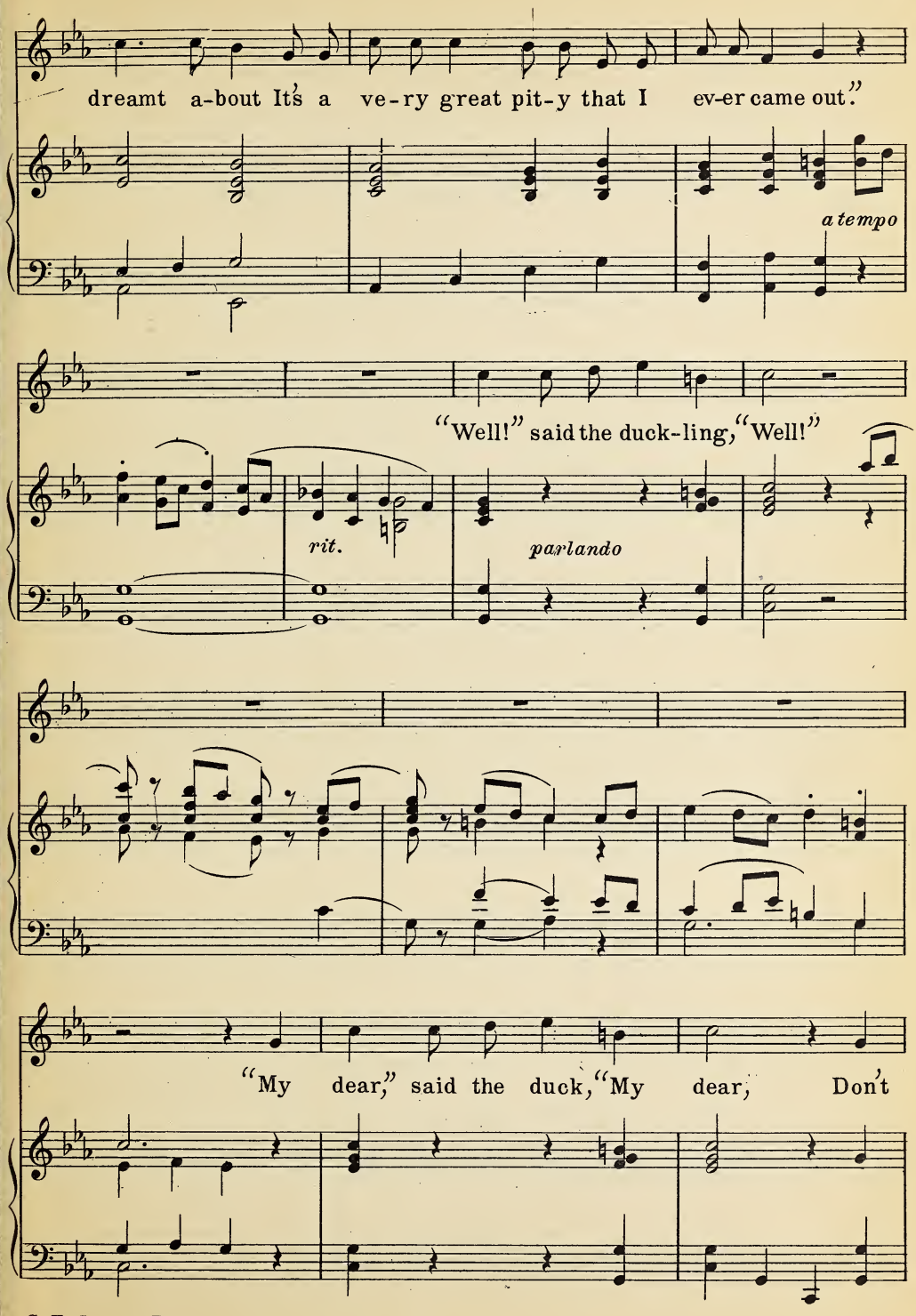

♩ = 144 M. M.
Very softly and staccato as possible.
Fire - flies,
Play grace notes and bass tones simultaneously
flit - ting out there in the grass,
How your lights are glowing as you pass;
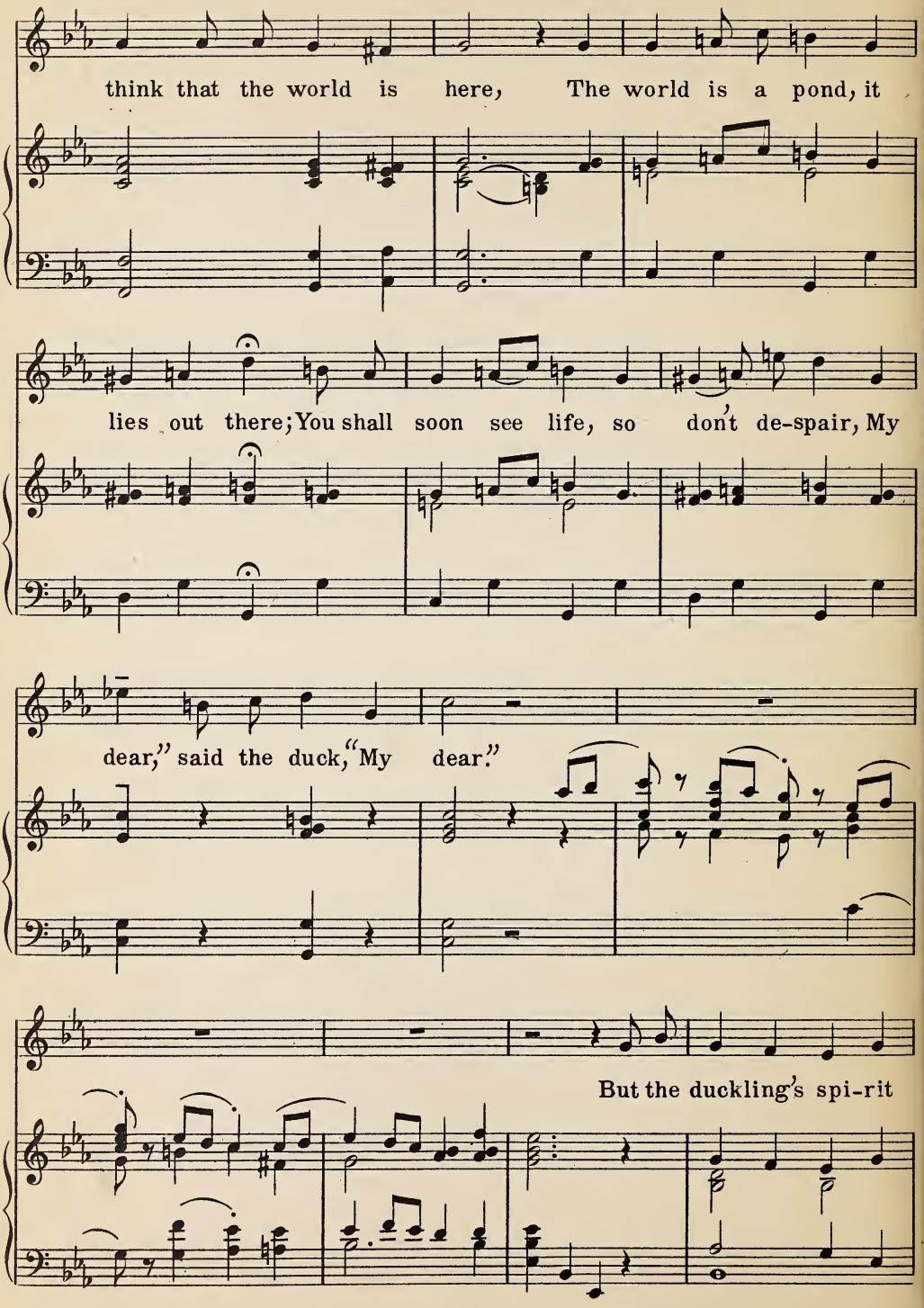

How the lit - tle crick-ets chirp to you and
call, As they tune their fid - dles for the
fair - ies' ball, Bull - frogs' basses and the
June - bugs' drum, Make the kind of mu-sic that the

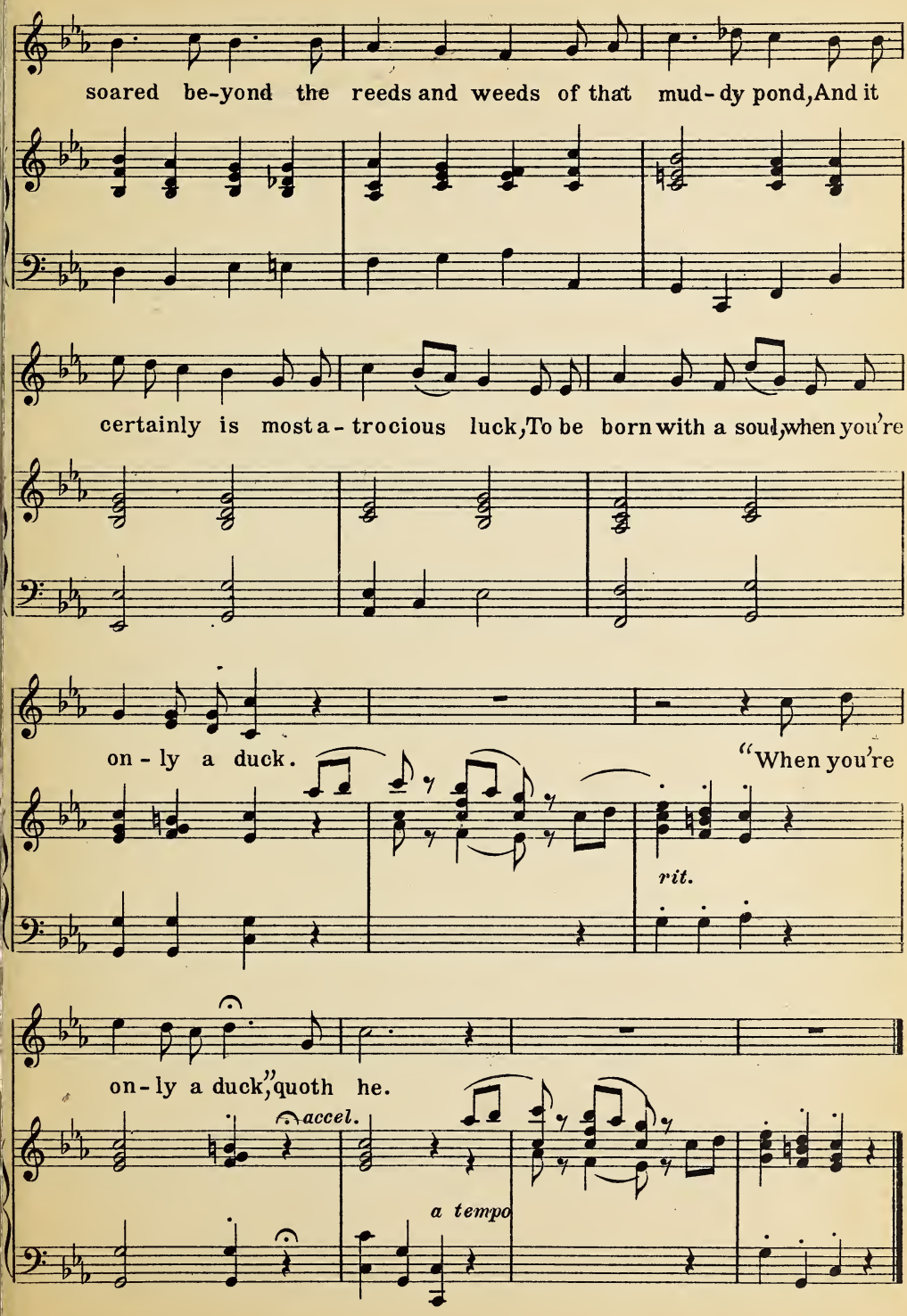

fair - ies hum, As they fleet-ly
foot it in the fair - y ring, Then the
fire-flies let their lan - - terns swing.

THE DISCONTENTED DUCKLING.
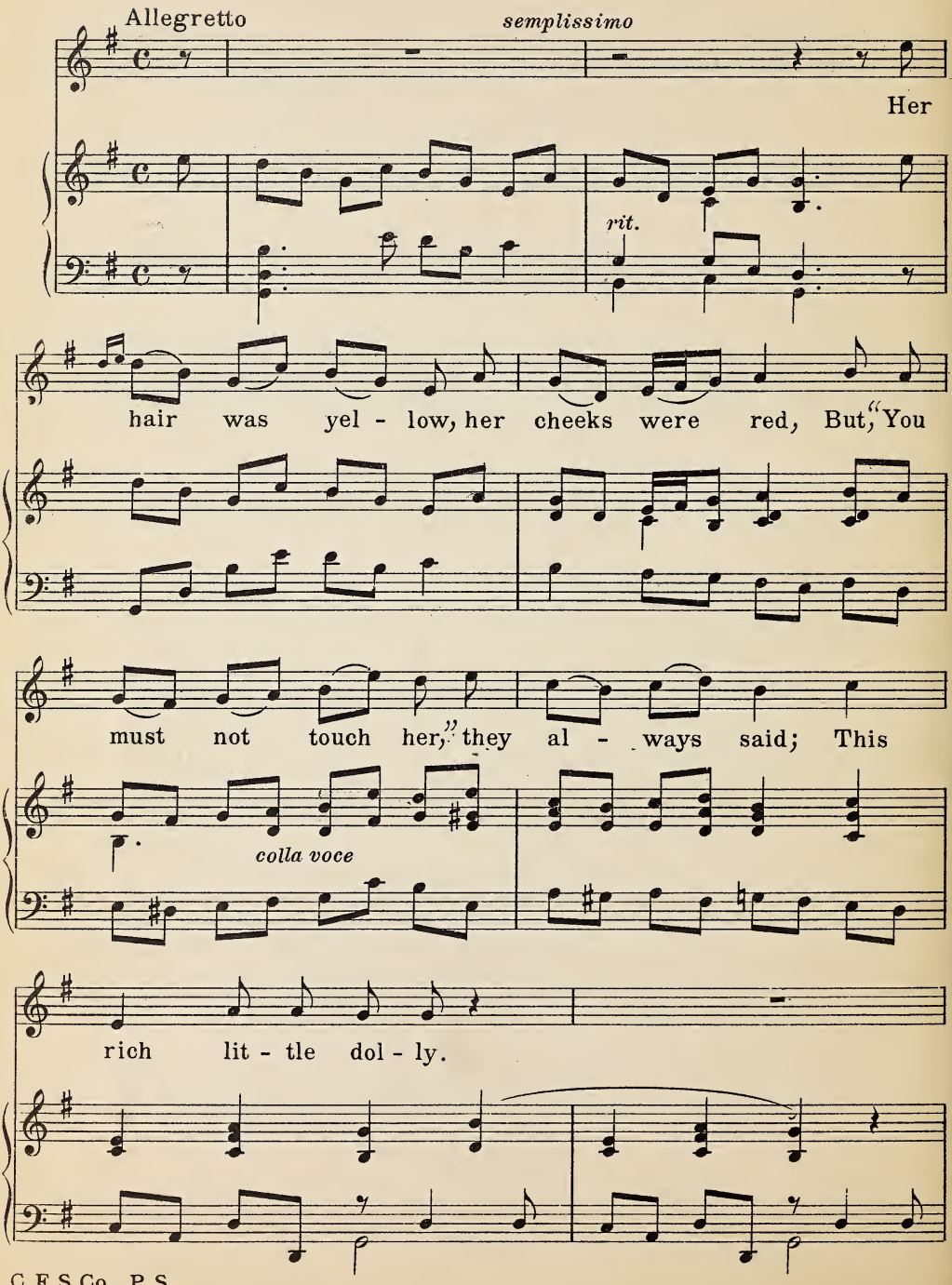



dreamt a-bout It's a ve-ry great pit-y that I ev-er came out."
a tempo
"Well!" said the duck-ling, "Well!"
rit.
parlando
"My dear," said the duck, "My dear, Don't
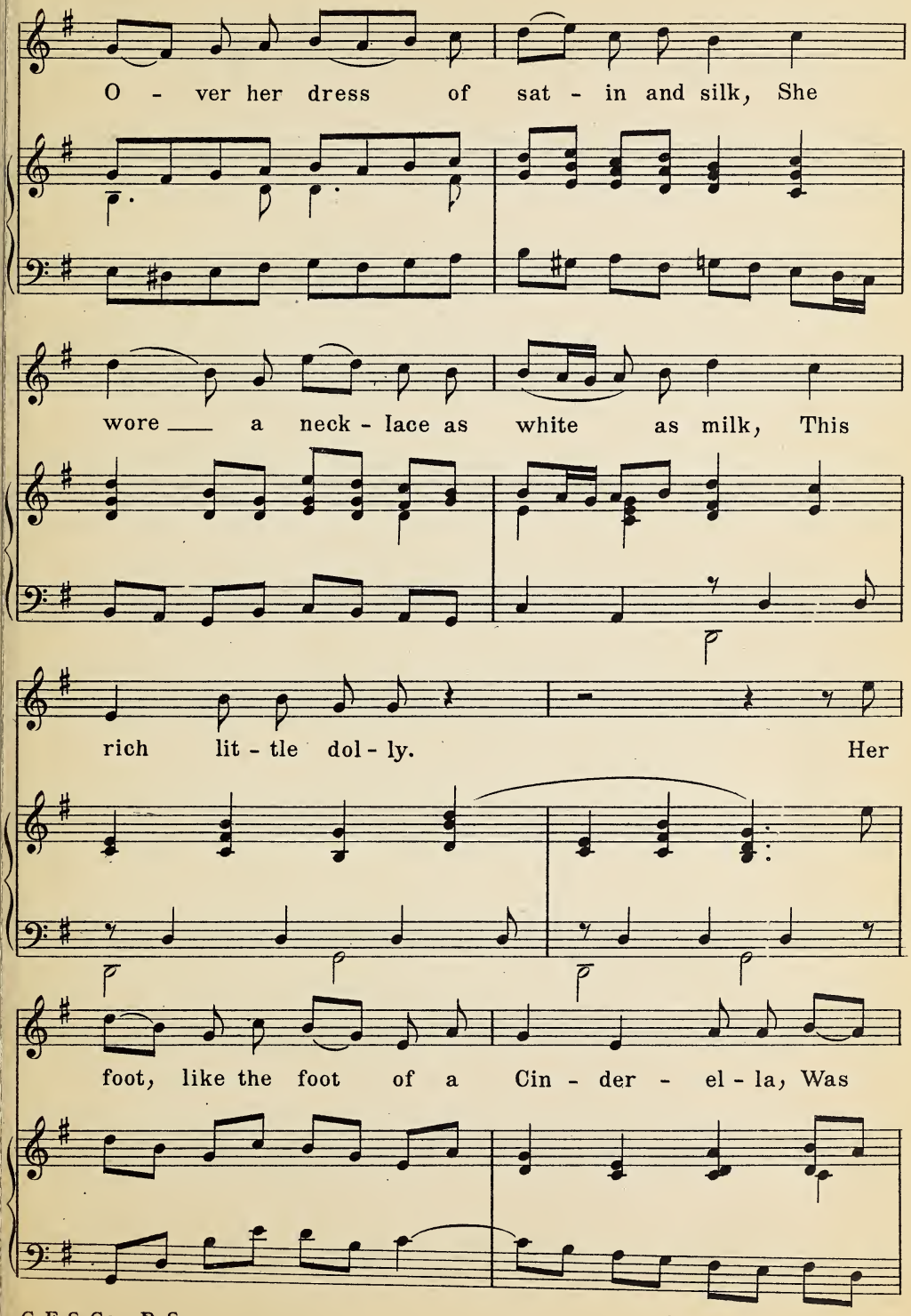

think that the world is here, The world is a pond, it
lies out there; You shall soon see life, so don't de-spair, My
dear," said the duck, "My dear."
But the duckling's spi-rit
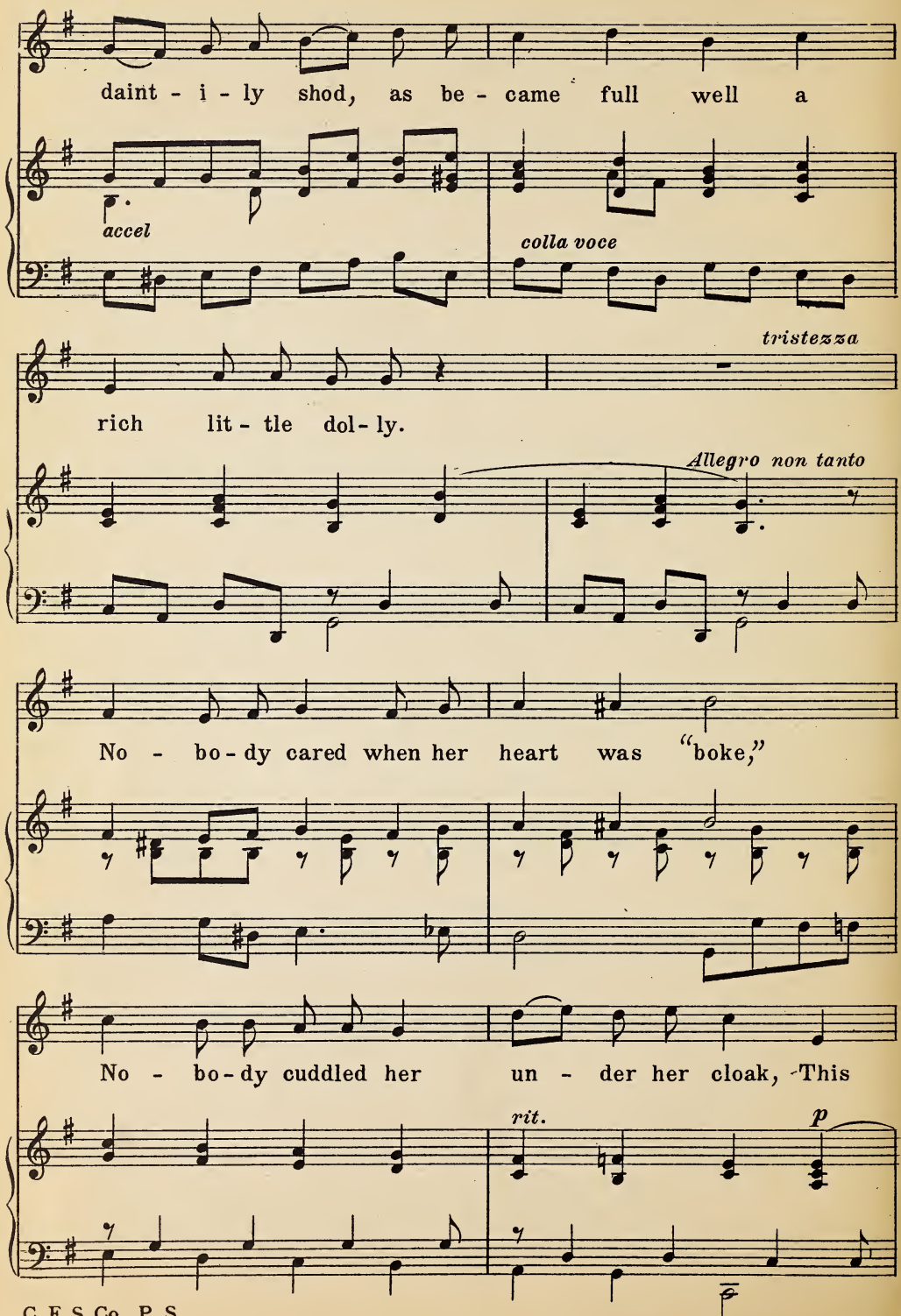

soared be-yond the reeds and weeds of that mud-dy pond, And it
certainly is most a-trocious luck, To be born with a soul, when you're
on-ly a duck.
"When you're
rit.
on-ly a duck," quoth he.
accel.
a tempo

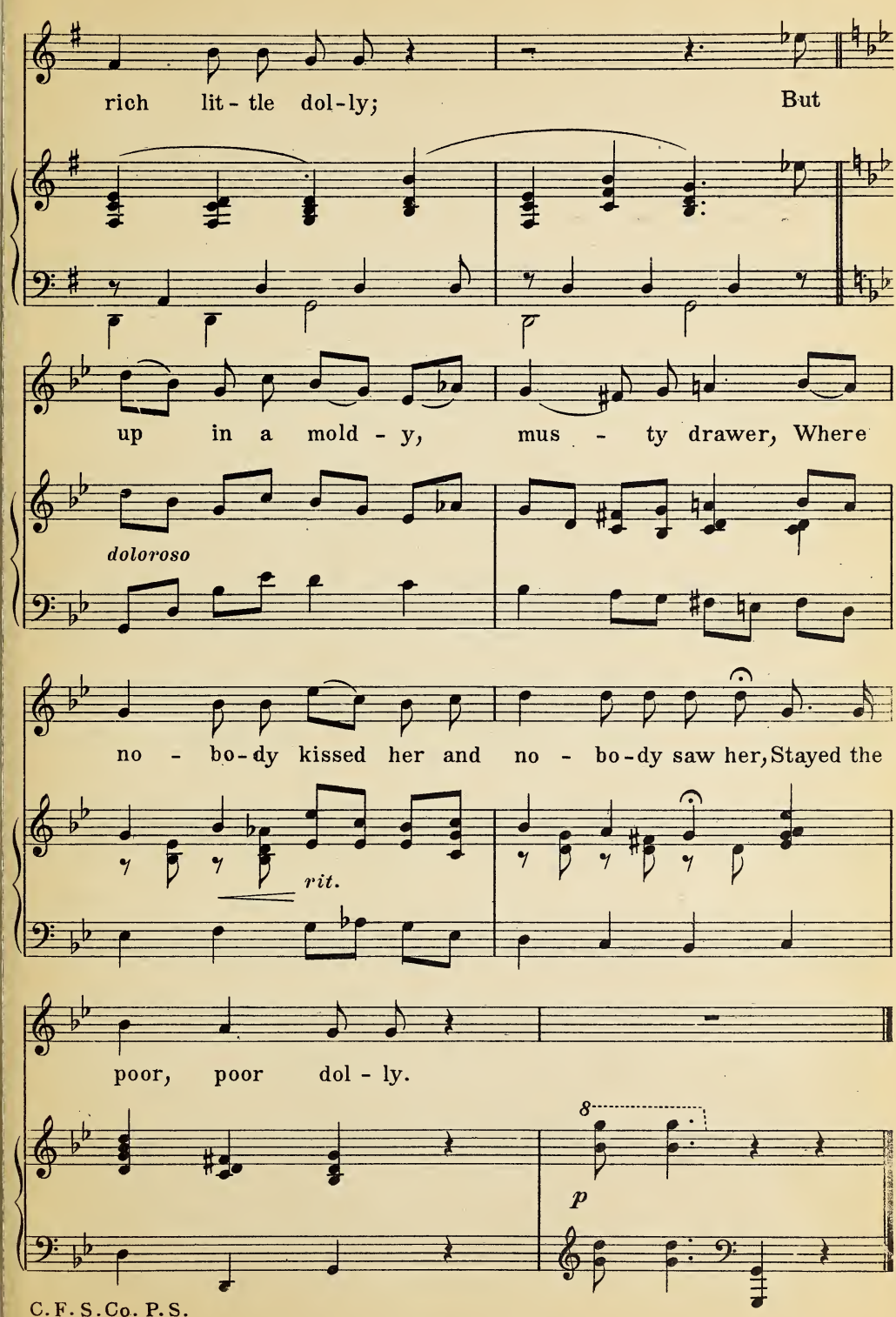
THE RICH LITTLE DOLLY.

Anon.




O - ver her dress of sat - in and silk, She
wore ___ a neck - lace as white as milk, This
rich lit - tle dol - ly. Her
foot, like the foot of a Cin - der - el - la, Was
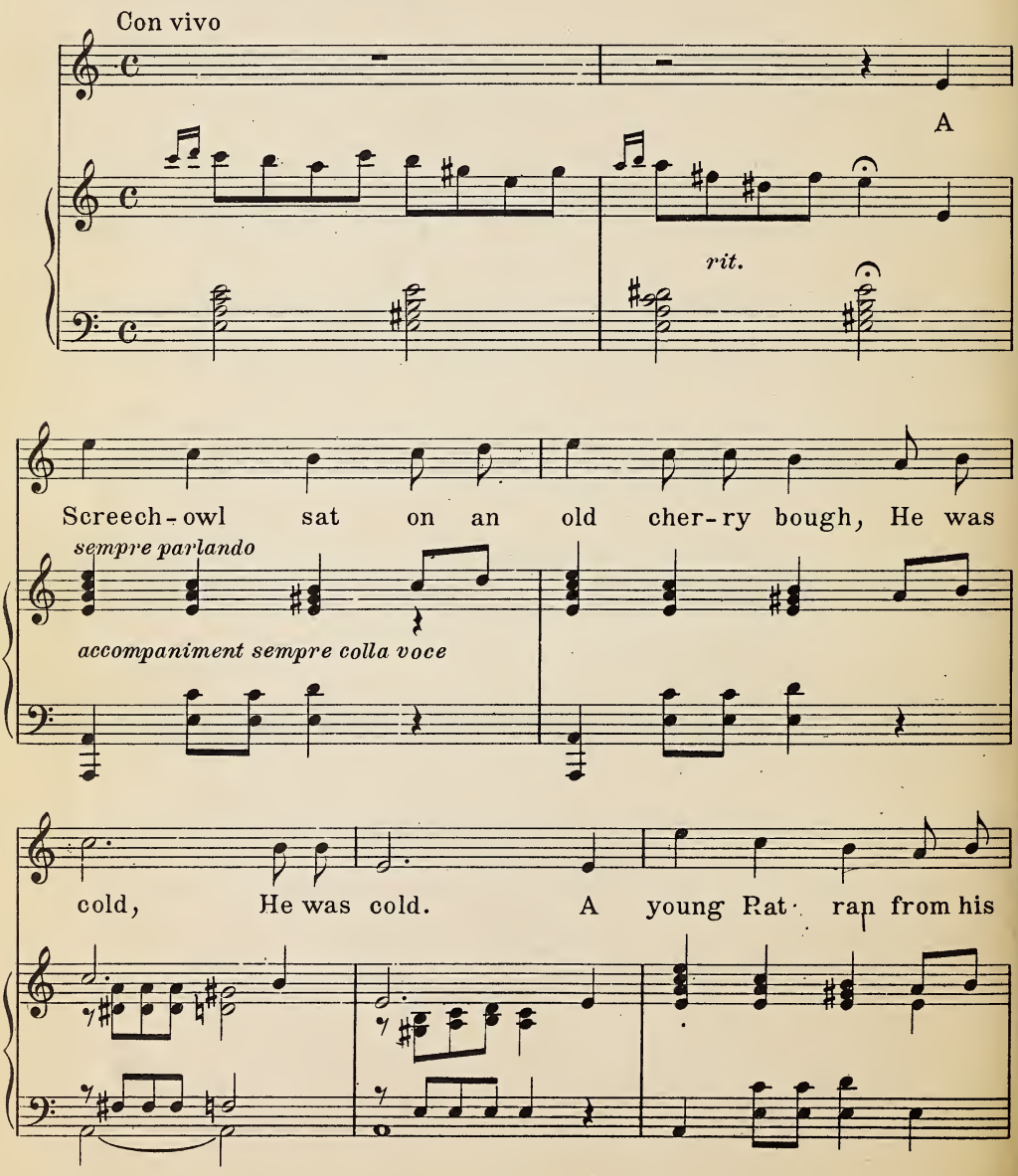

daint - i - ly shod, as be - came full well a
accel
colla voce
tristezza
rich lit - tle dol - ly.
Allegro non tanto
No - bo - dy cared when her heart was "boke,"
No - bo - dy cuddled her un - der her cloak, This
rit.
p
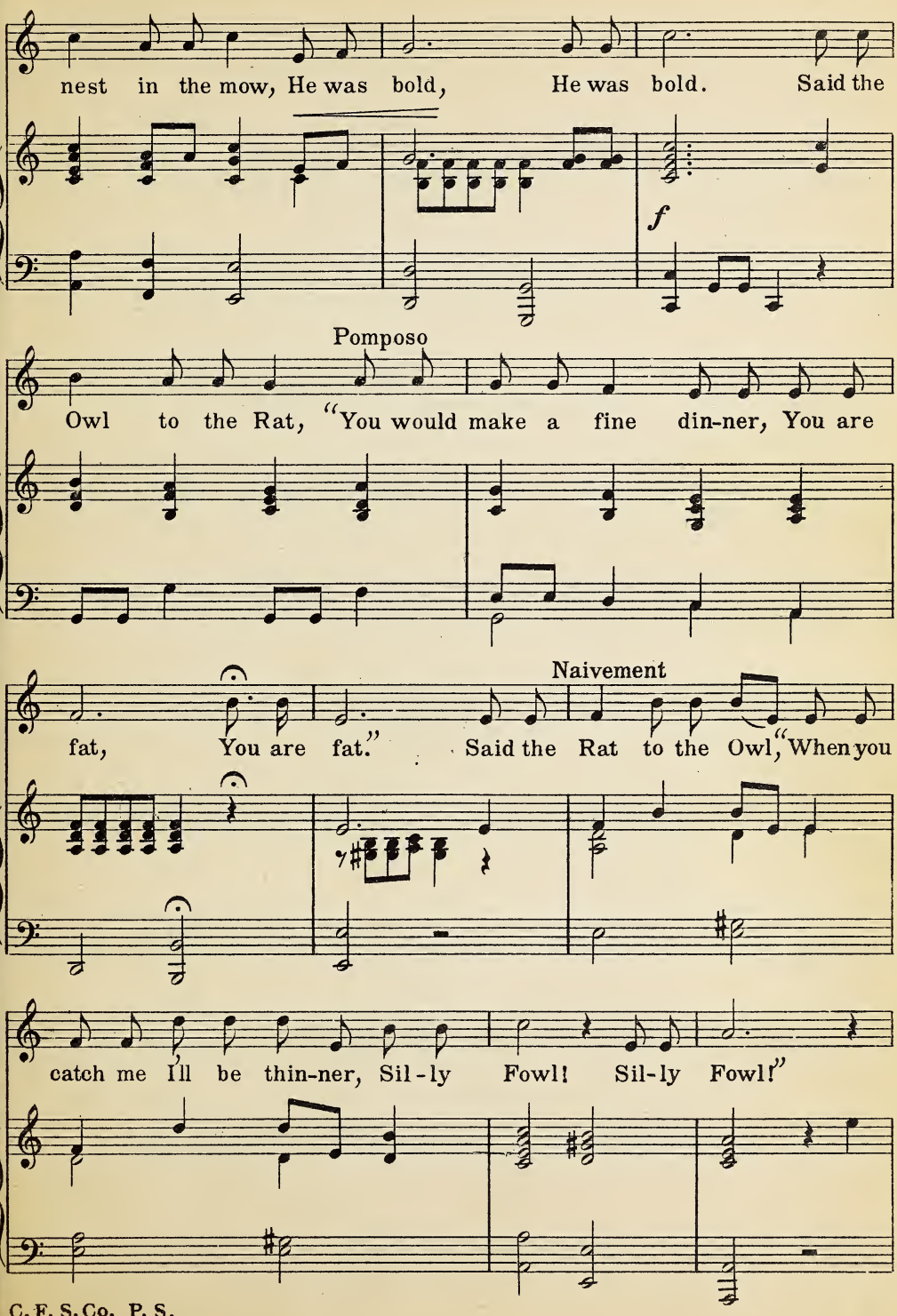

rich lit - tle dol-ly; But
up in a mold - y, mus - ty drawer, Where
doloroso
no - bo-dy kissed her and no - bo-dy saw her, Stayed the
rit.
poor, poor dol - ly.
8
p
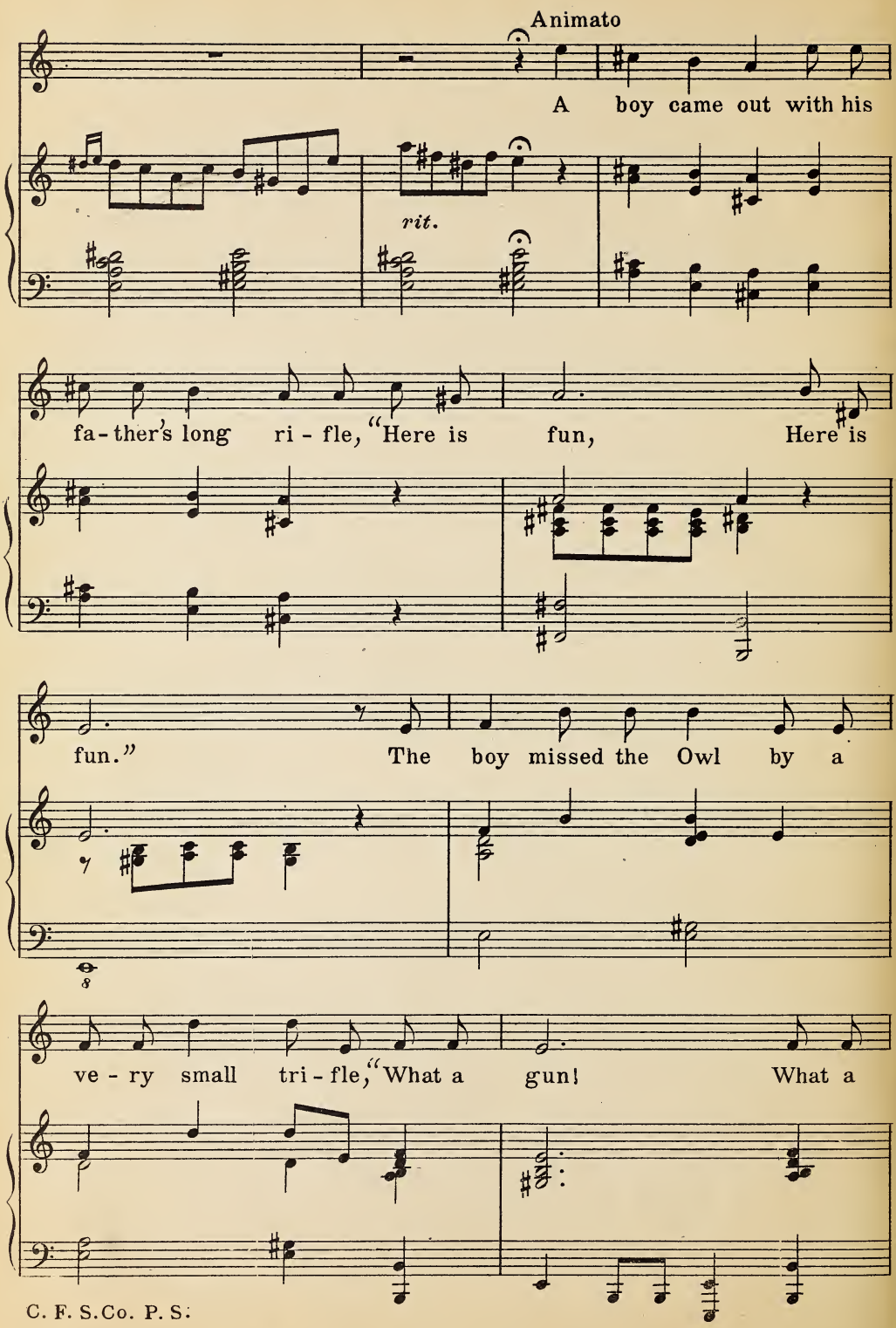
AN EARLY MORNING PASTORAL.
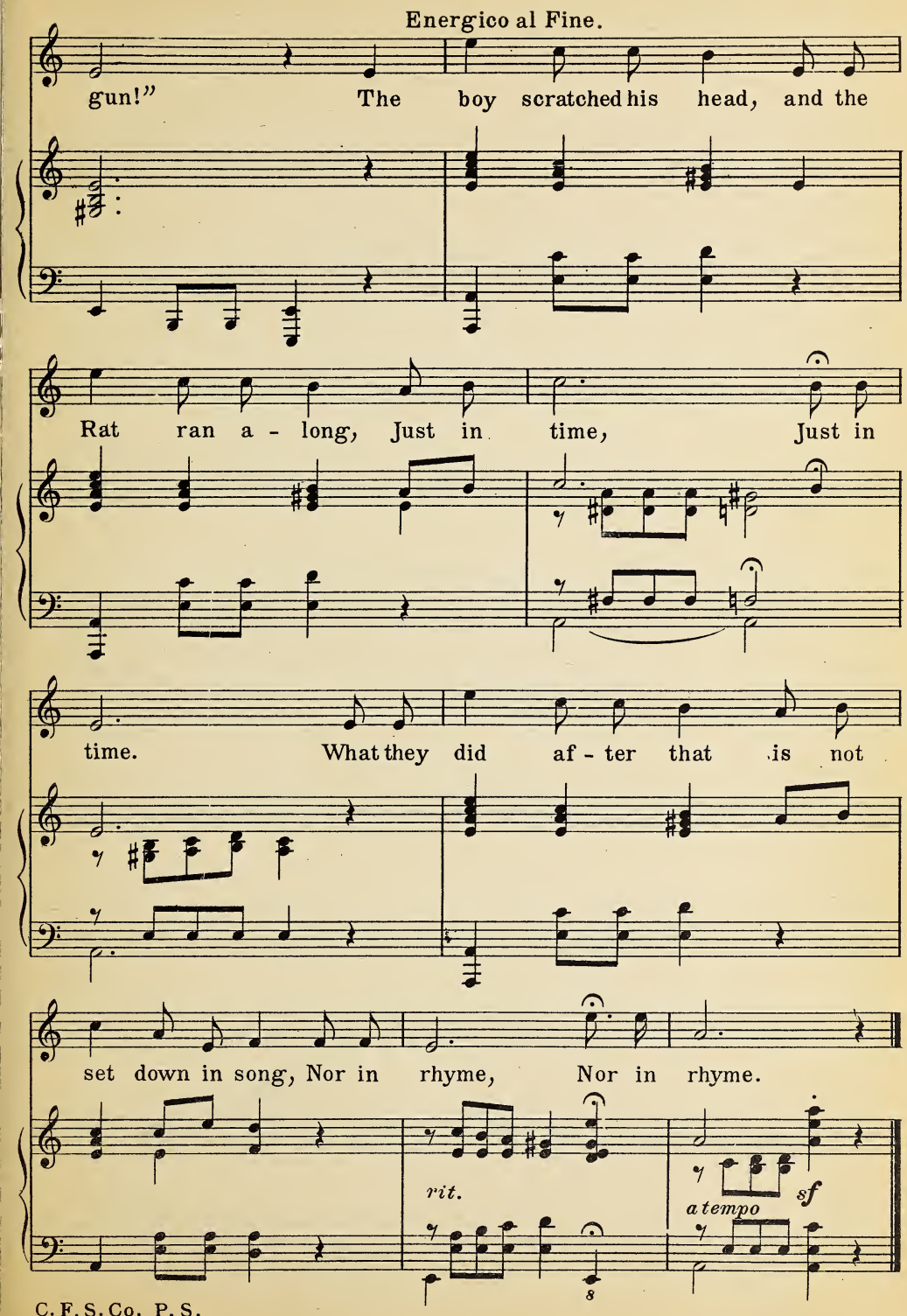
Words by

SUSANNE FENIMORE TYNDALE.



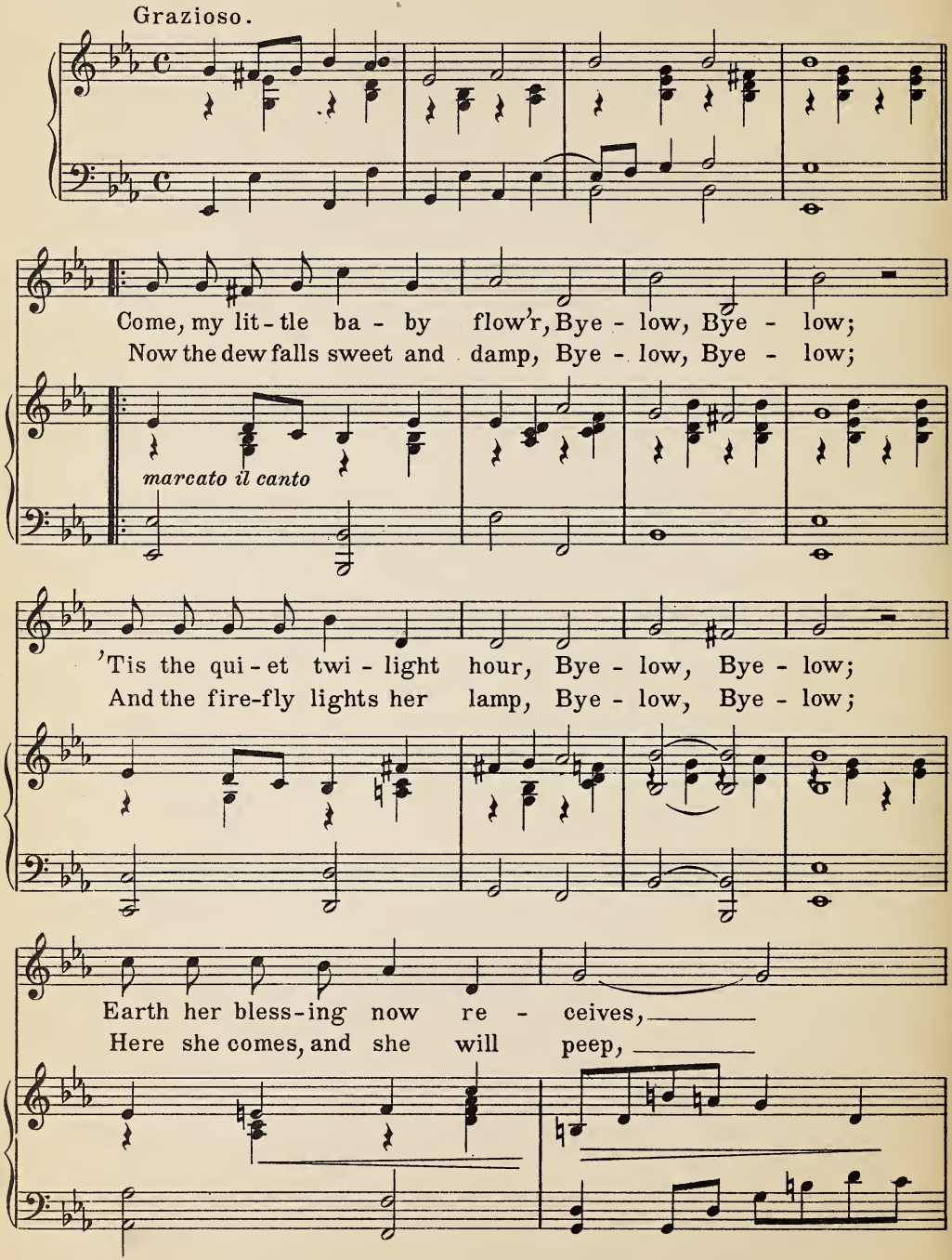

nest in the mow, He was bold, He was bold. Said the
f
Pomposo
Owl to the Rat, "You would make a fine din-ner, You are
Naivement
fat, You are fat." Said the Rat to the Owl, "When you
catch me I'll be thin-ner, Sil-ly Fowl! Sil-ly Fowl!"
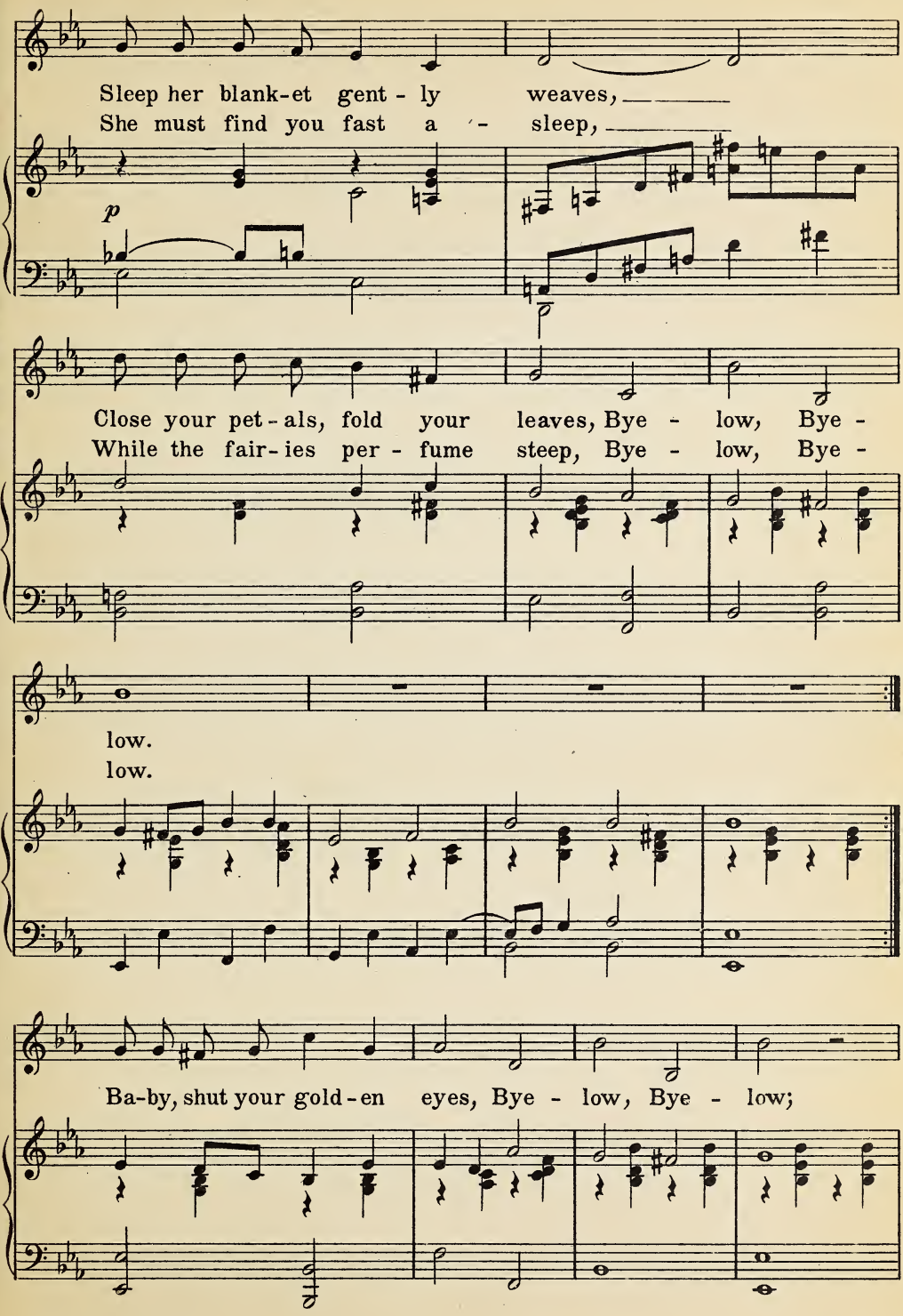

Animato
A boy came out with his
rit.
fa-ther's long ri-fle, "Here is fun, Here is
fun." The boy missed the Owl by a
ve-ry small tri-fle, "What a gun! What a
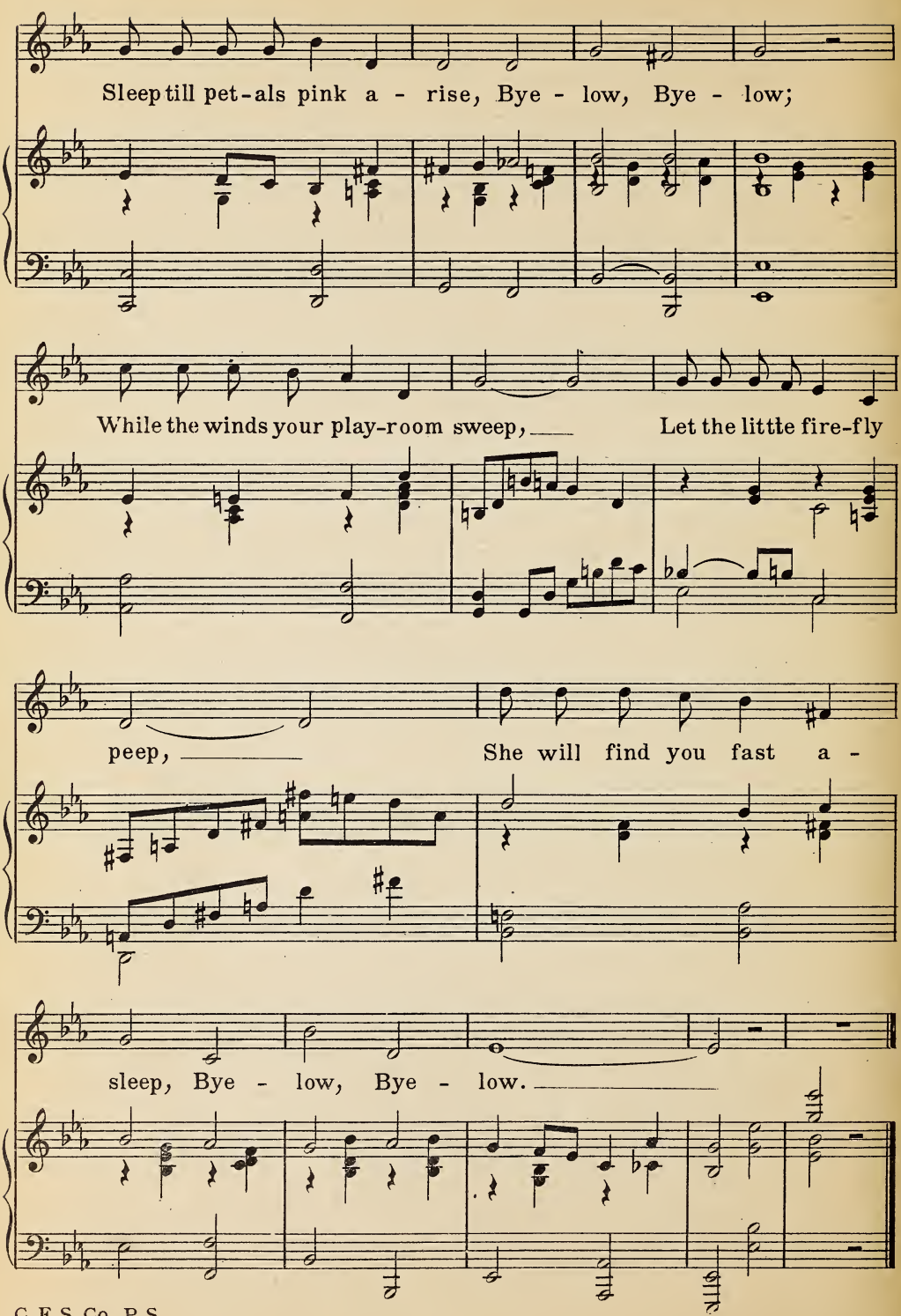

Energico al Fine.
gun!" The boy scratched his head, and the
Rat ran a - long, Just in time, Just in
time. What they did af - ter that is not
set down in song, Nor in rhyme, Nor in rhyme.
rit.
a tempo
sf
8

THE FLOWER'S CRADLE SONG.

Poem by LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.
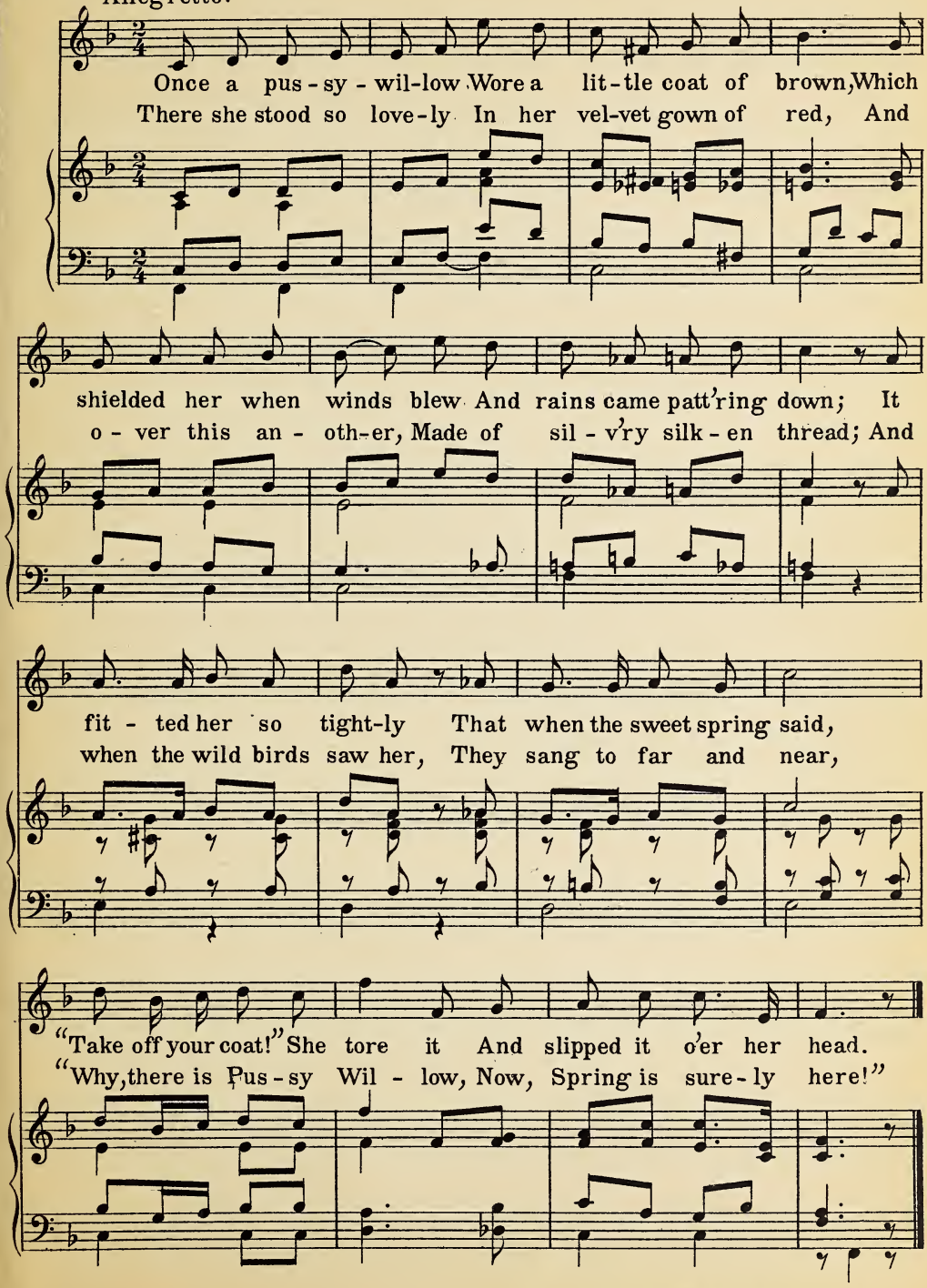



Sleep her blank-et gent - ly weaves,
She must find you fast a - sleep,
p
Close your pet - als, fold your leaves, Bye - low, Bye -
While the fair - ies per - fume steep, Bye - low, Bye -
low.
low.
Ba-by, shut your gold - en eyes, Bye - low, Bye - low;


Sleep till pet-als pink a - rise, Bye - low, Bye - low;
While the winds your play-room sweep, Let the little fire-fly
peep, She will find you fast a -
sleep, Bye - low, Bye - low.

PUSSY-WILLOW.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

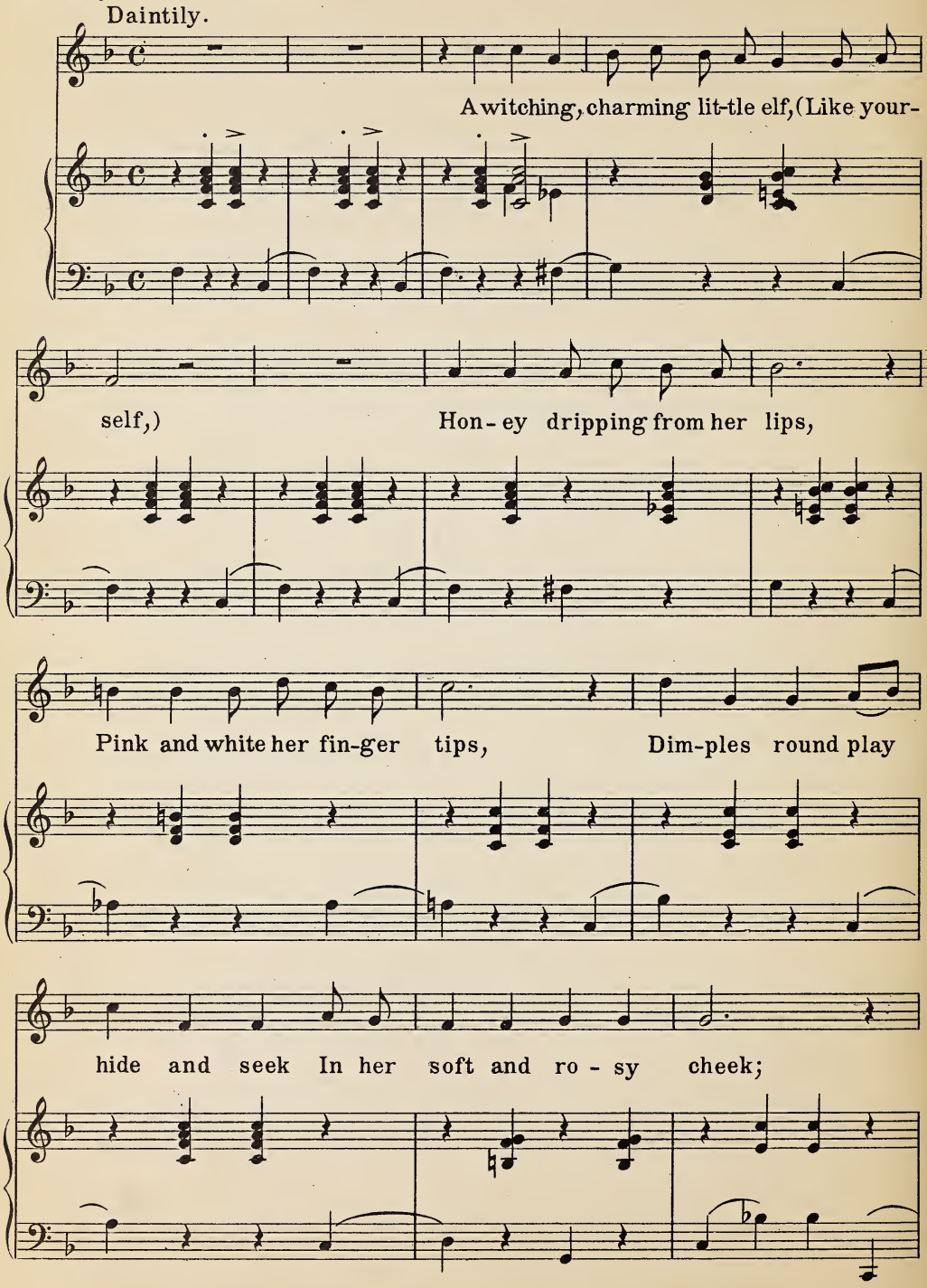
Allegretto.
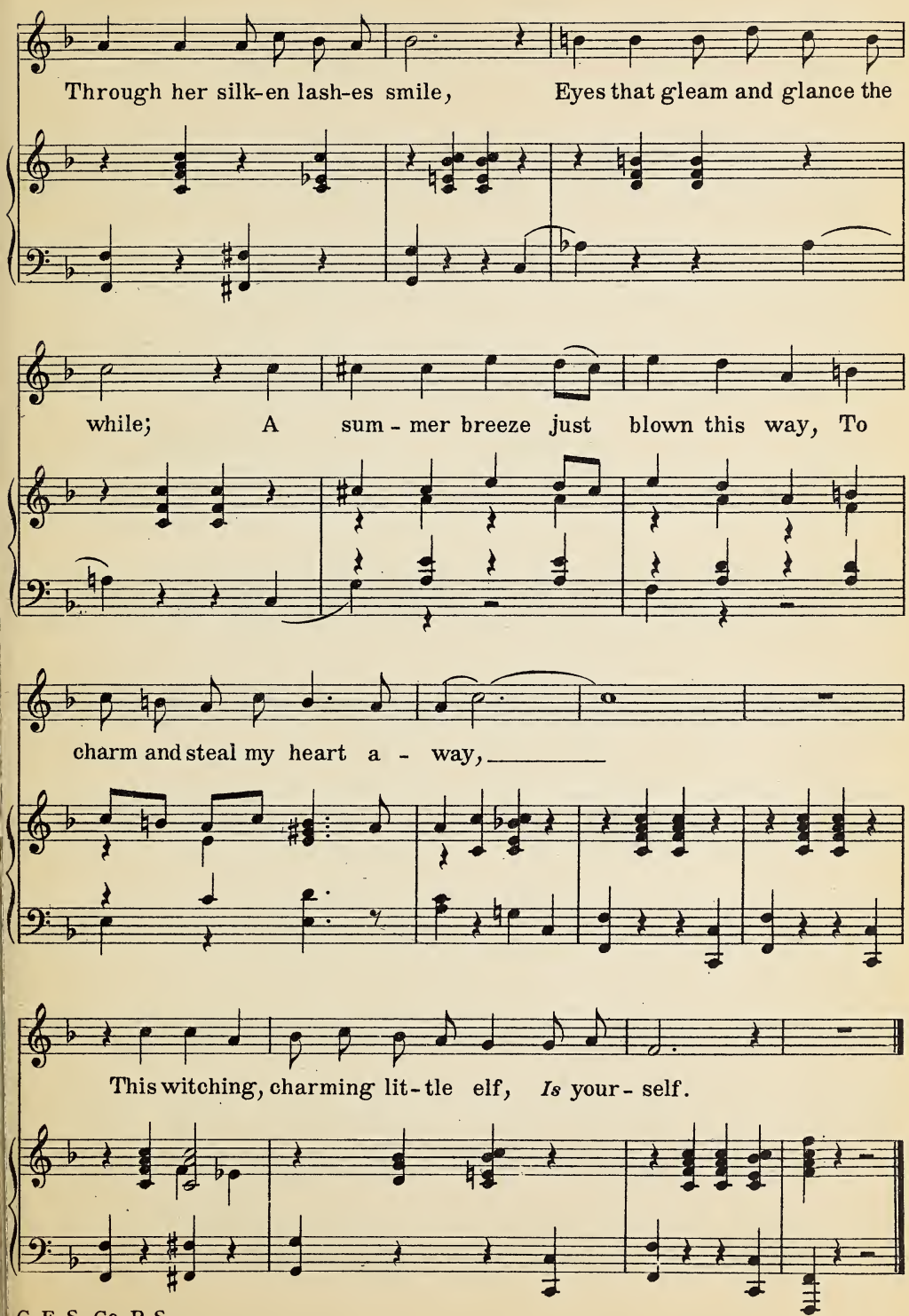


From Songs and Scissors, by per.

YOURSELF.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.
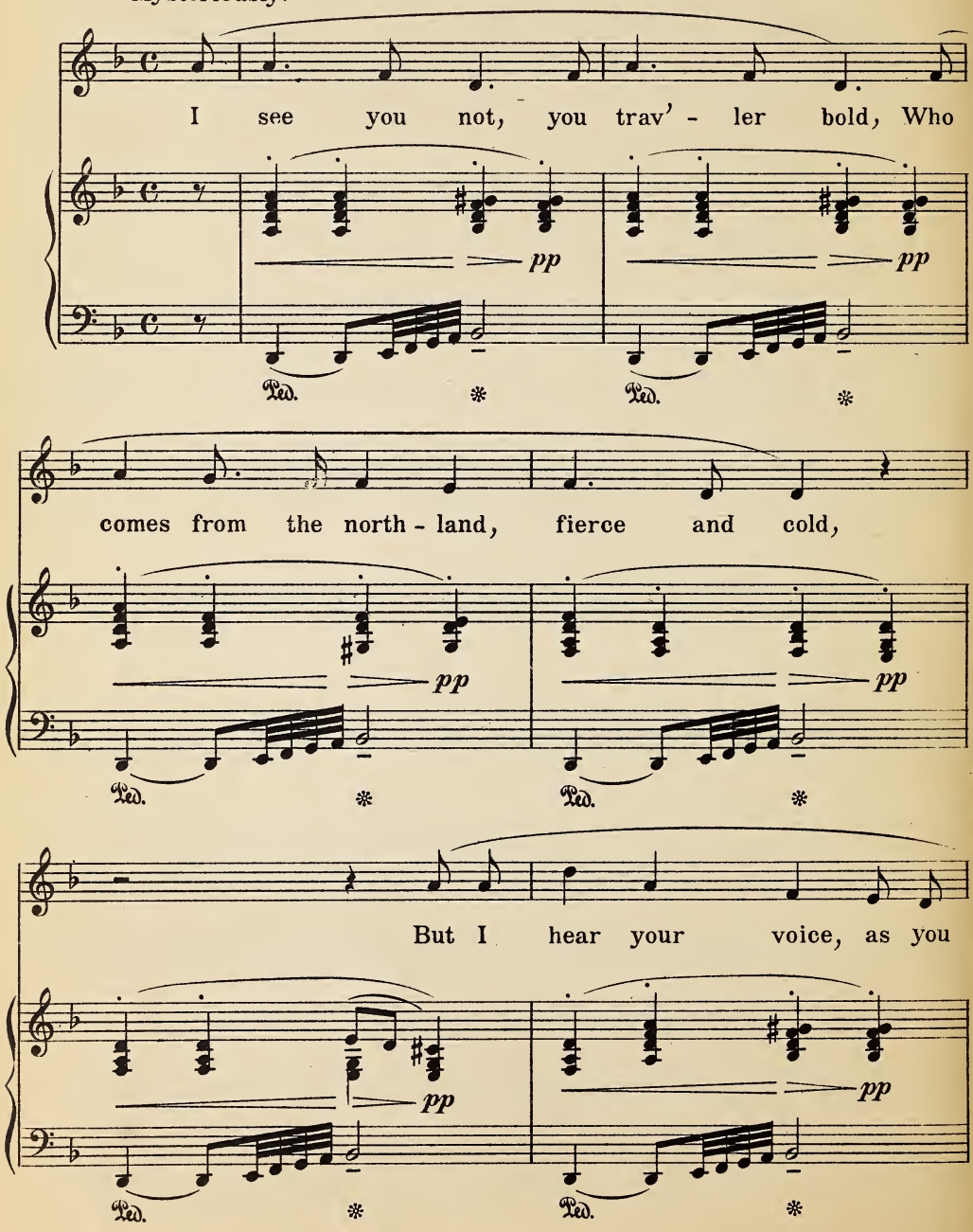


From Songs and Scissors, by per.
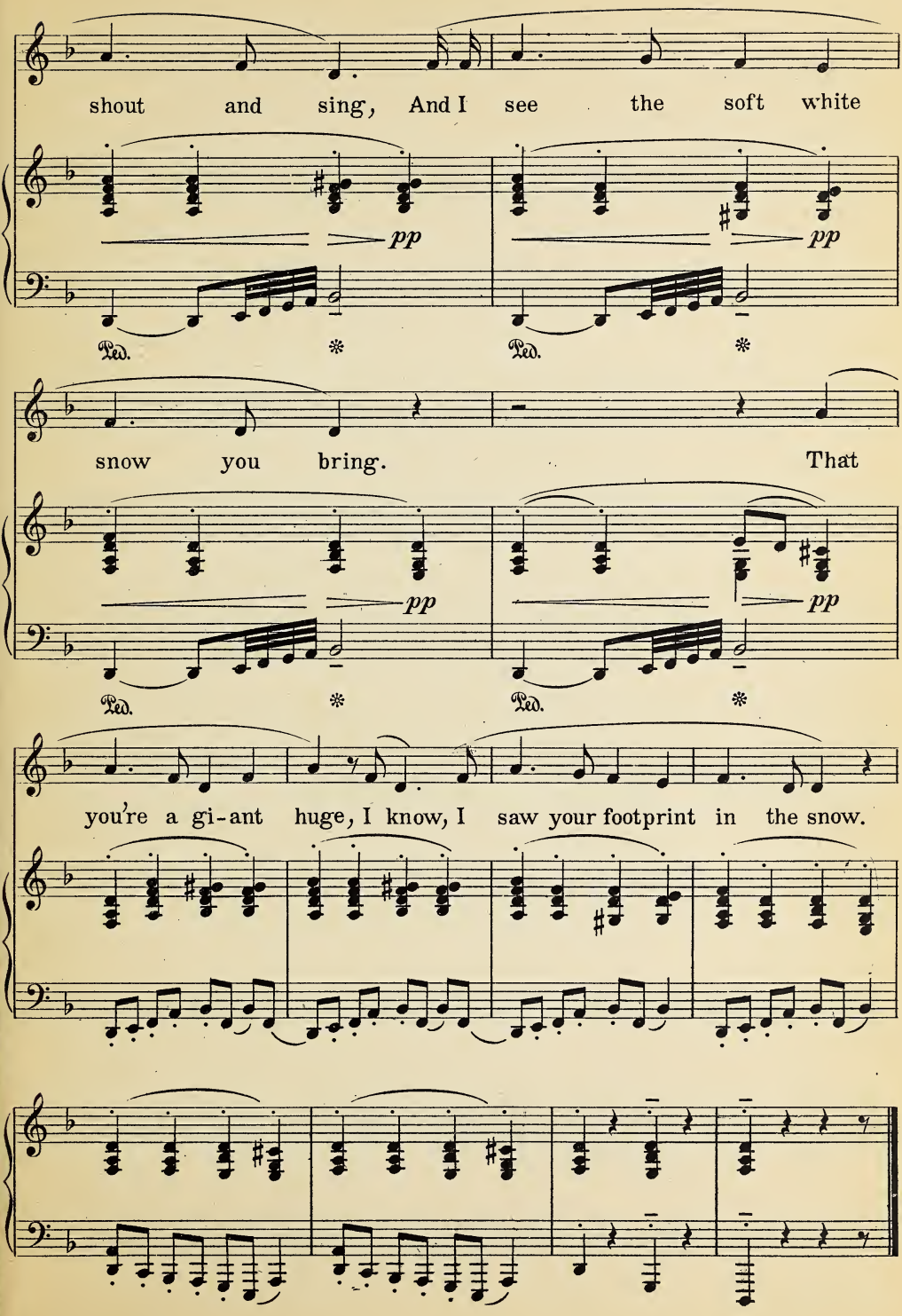

Through her silk-en lash-es smile, Eyes that gleam and glance the
while; A sum - mer breeze just blown this way, To
charm and steal my heart a - way,
This witching, charming lit-tle elf, *Is* your - self.

THE WIND.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.
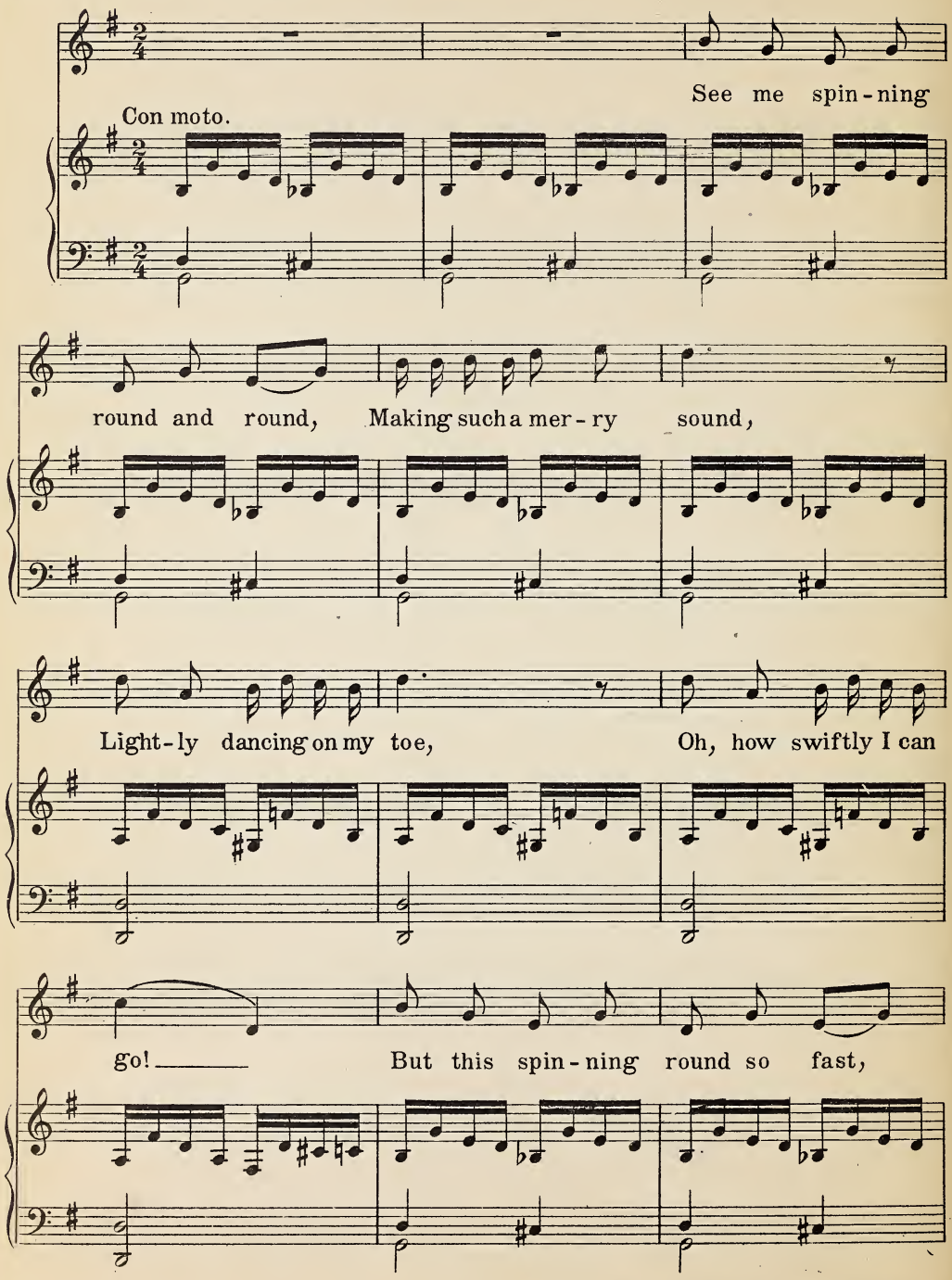


From Songs and Scissors, by per.
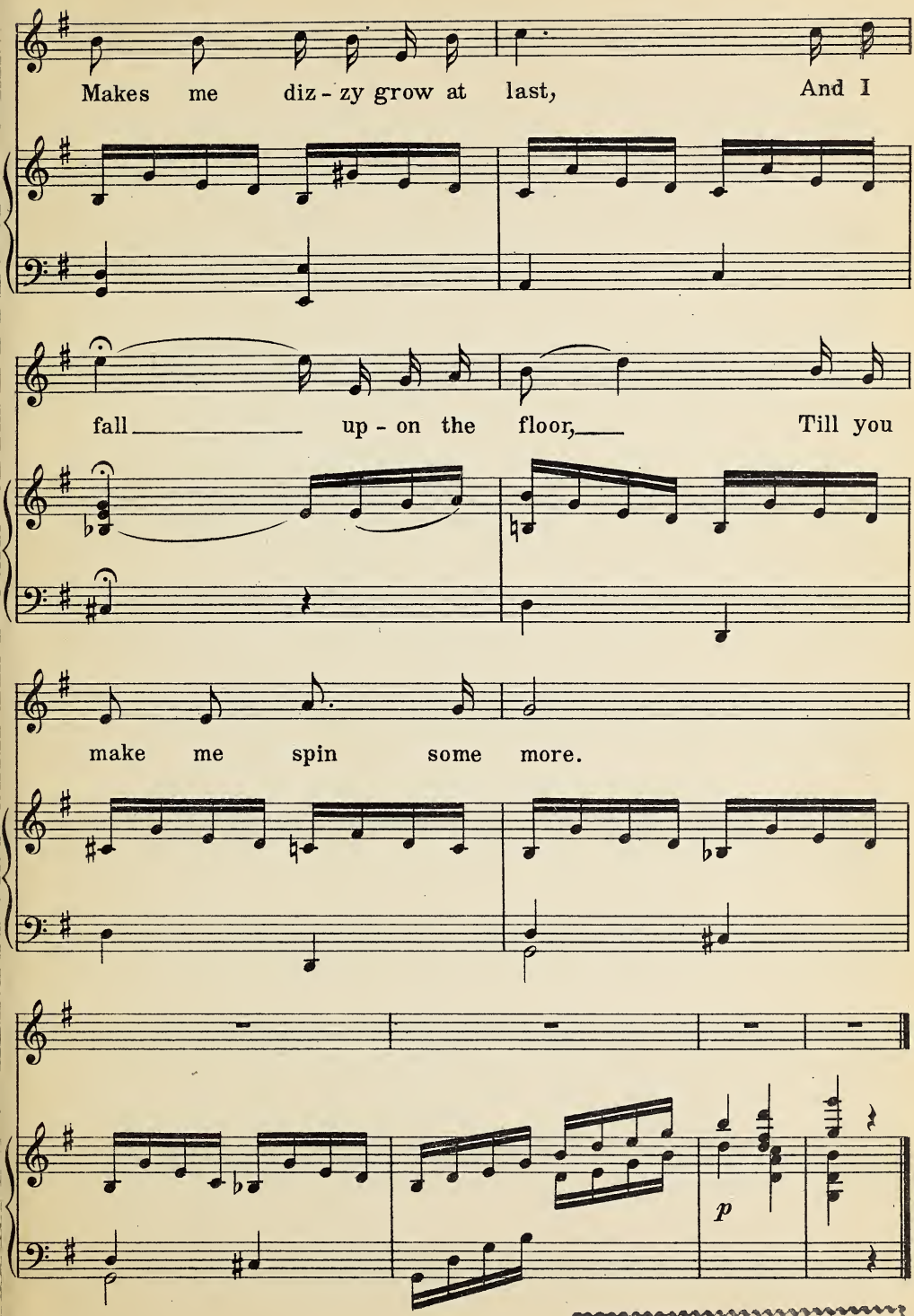

shout and sing, And I see the soft white
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.
snow you bring. That
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.
you're a gi-ant huge, I know, I saw your footprint in the snow.

THE TOP.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.



From Songs and Scissors, by per.
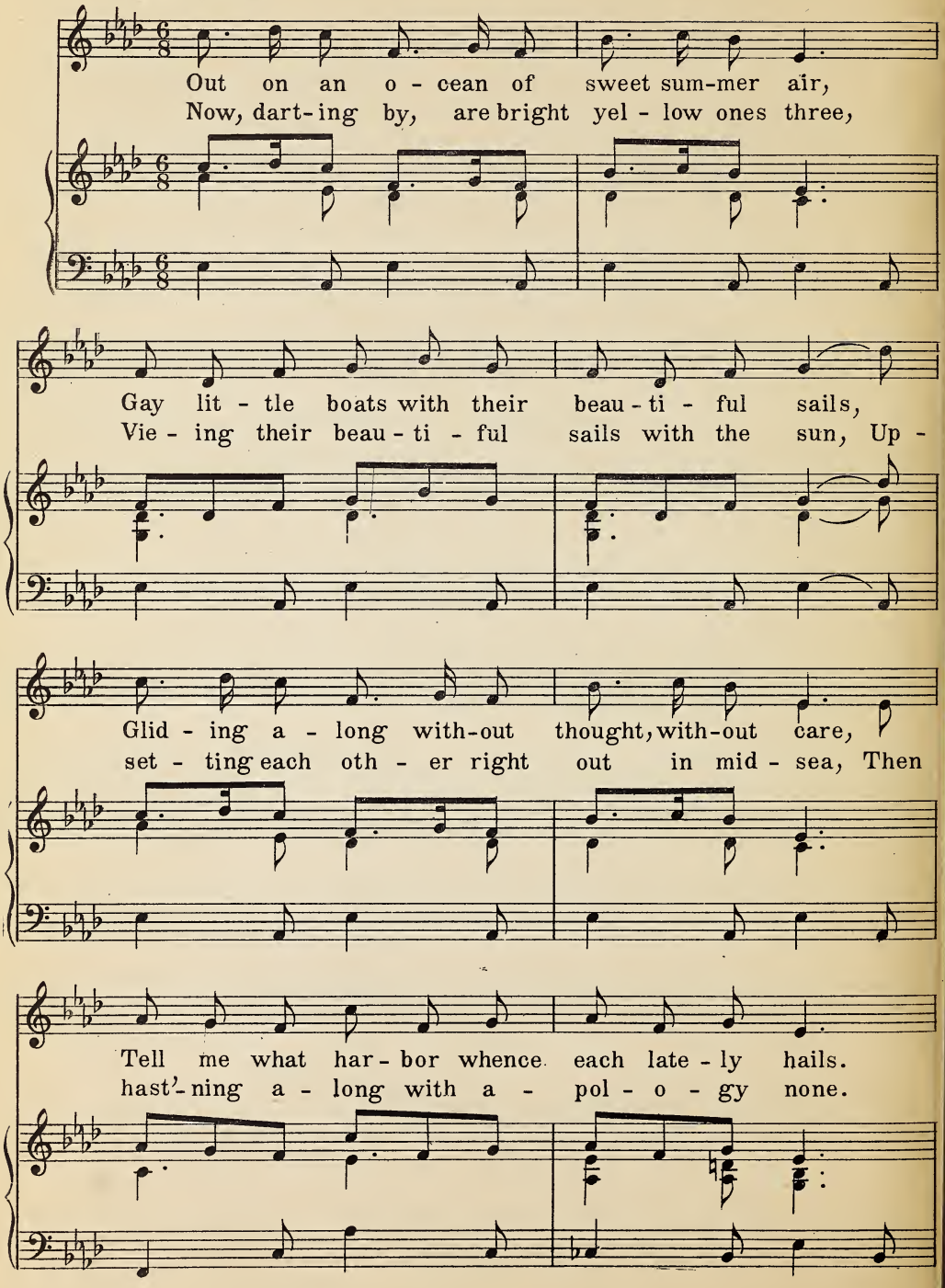


LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

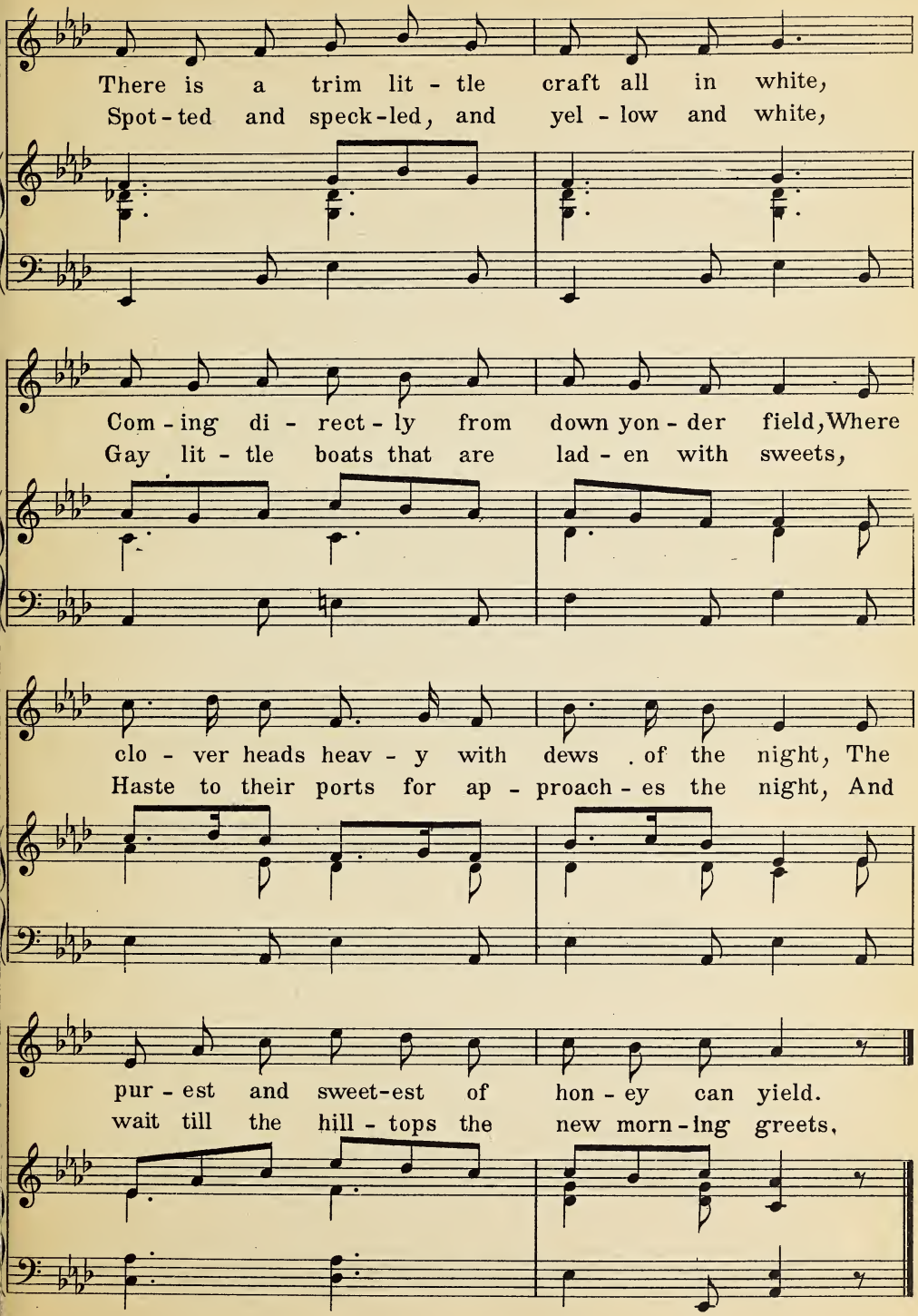
Words by
LORA L. HOLMES.

BUTTERFLIES.

Barcarolle.



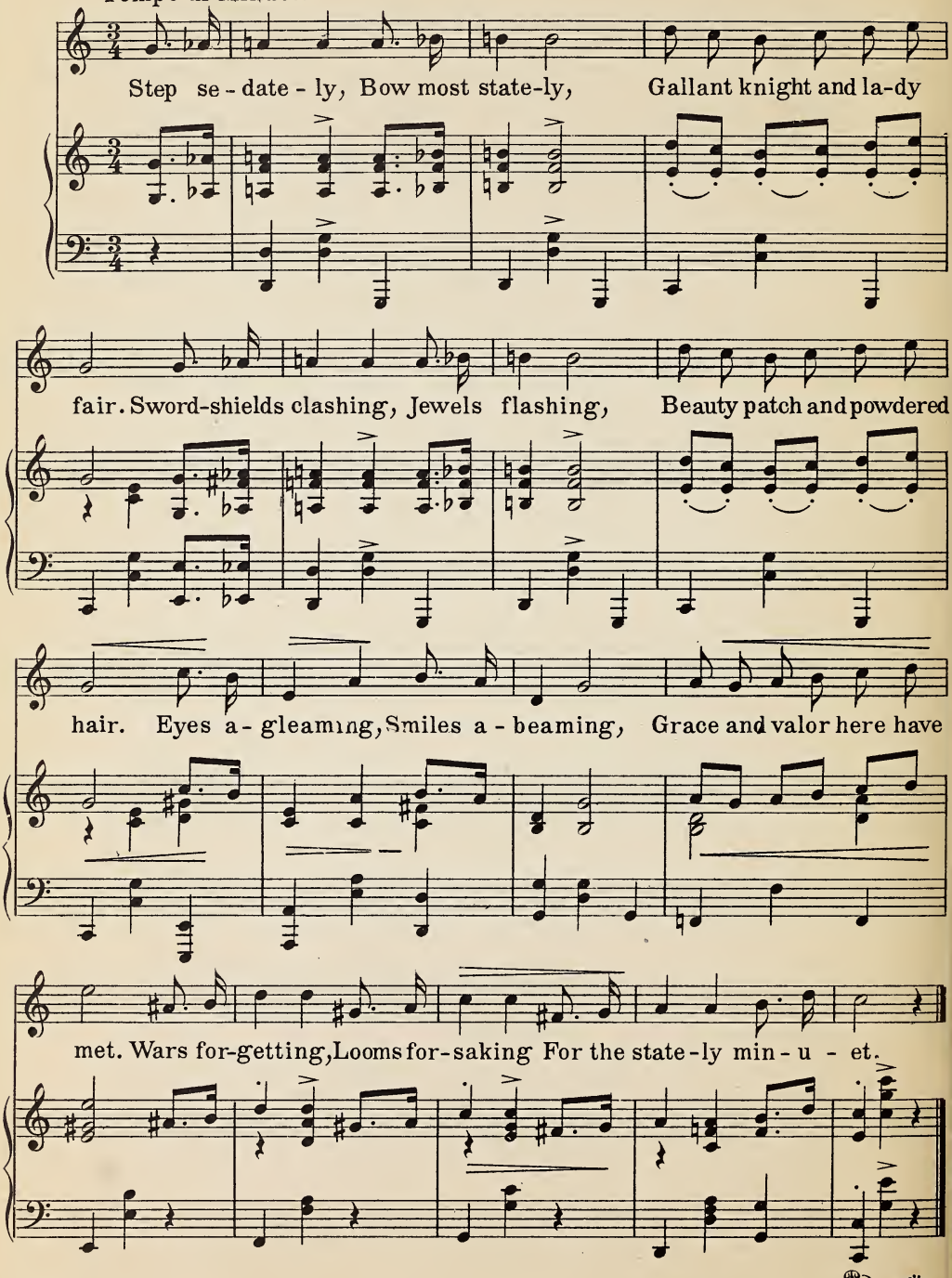
From Songs and Scissors, by per.


There is a trim lit - tle craft all in white,
Spot - ted and speck - led, and yel - low and white,
Com - ing di - rect - ly from down yon - der field, Where
Gay lit - tle boats that are lad - en with sweets,
clo - ver heads heav - y with dews of the night, The
Haste to their ports for ap - proach - es the night, And
pur - est and sweet - est of hon - ey can yield.
wait till the hill - tops the new morn - ing greets,

THE MINUET.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

Tempo di Minuet.

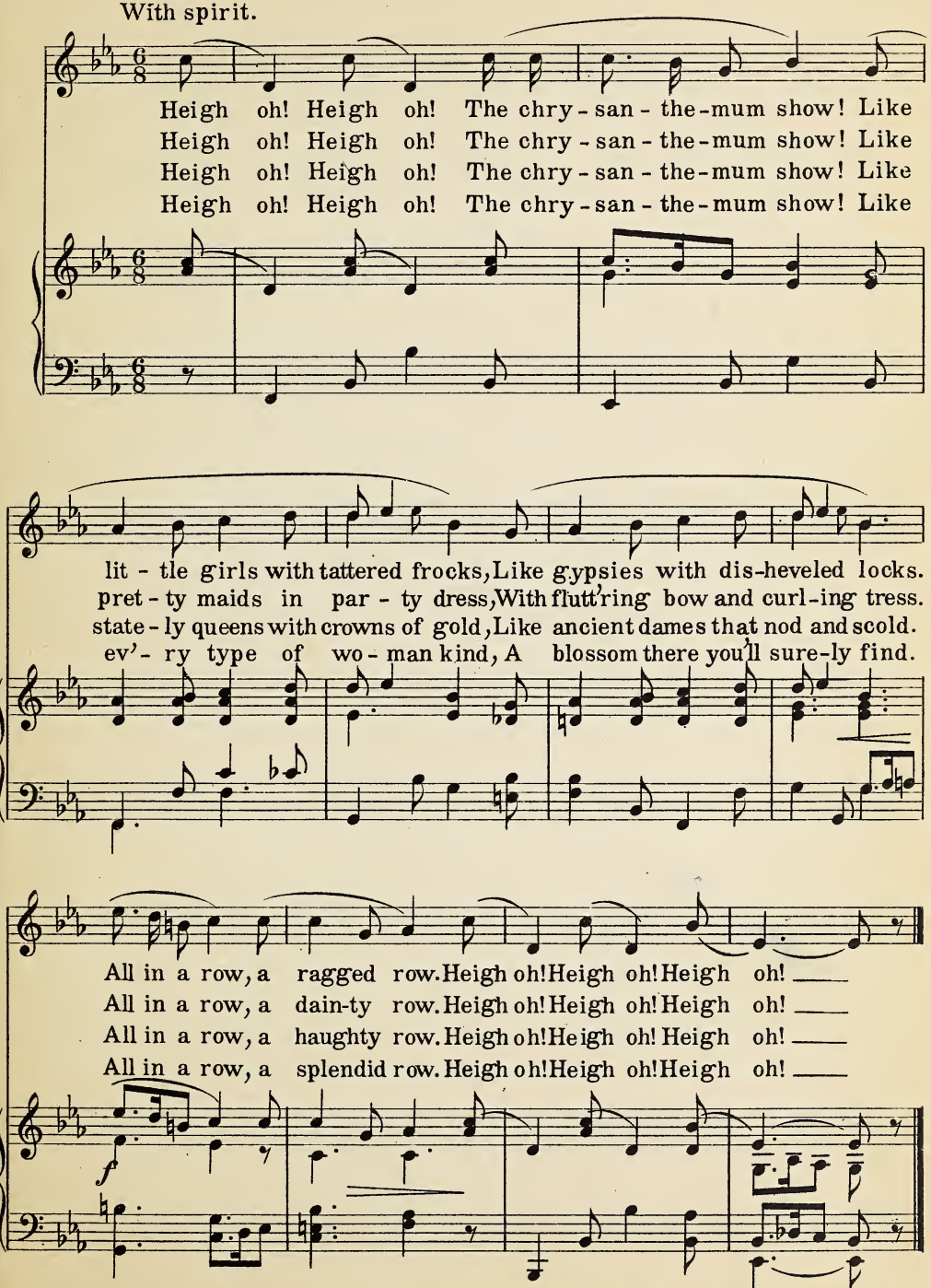


From Songs and Scissors, by per.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

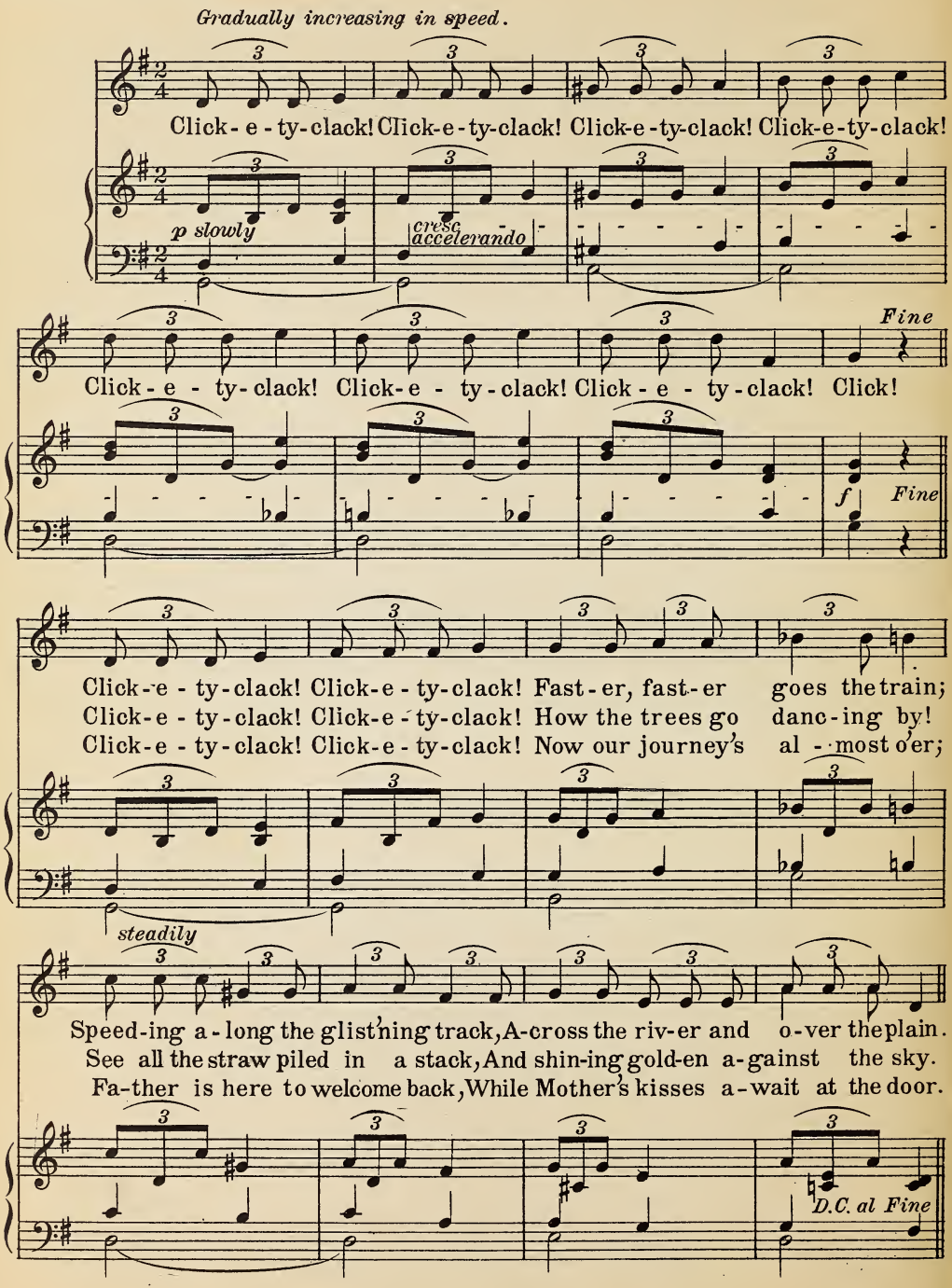
With spirit.



From Songs and Scissors, by per.

THE TRAIN.

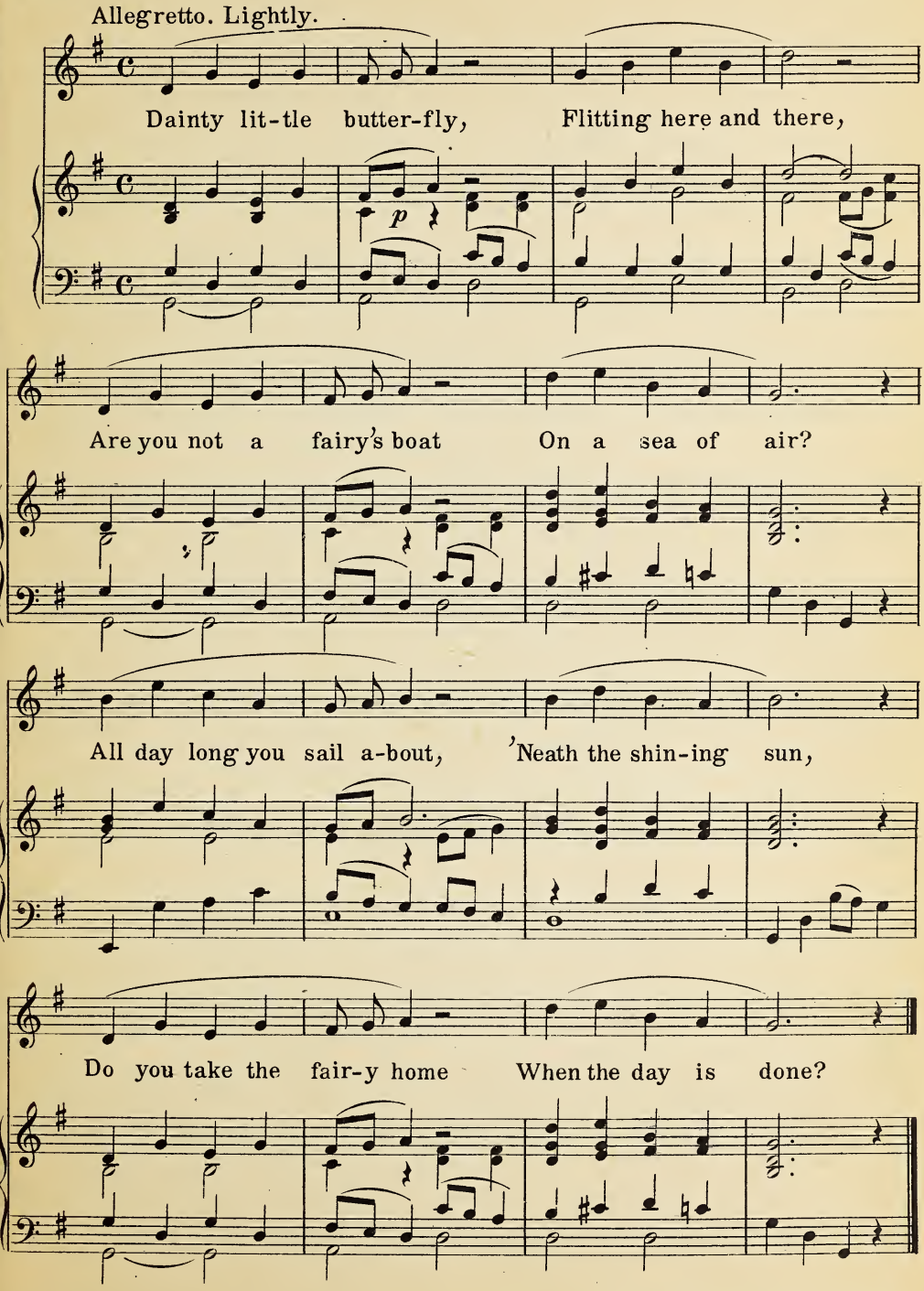
Words by LORA L. HOLMES.



From Songs and Scissors, by per.

THE FAIRY'S BOAT.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.
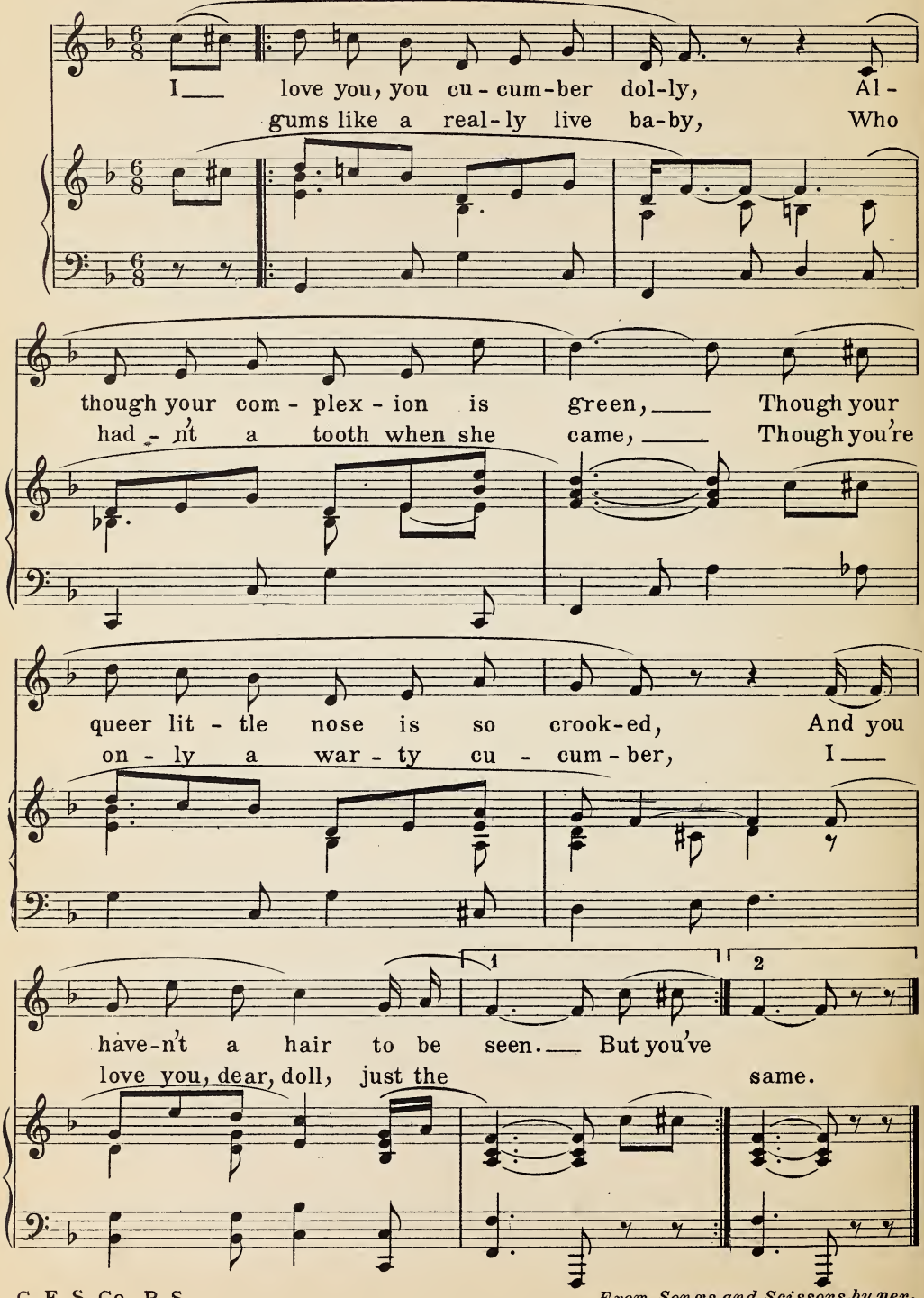


C. F. S. Co. P. S.

From Songs and Scissors, by per.

THE CUCUMBER DOLLIE.

With childish feeling.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES

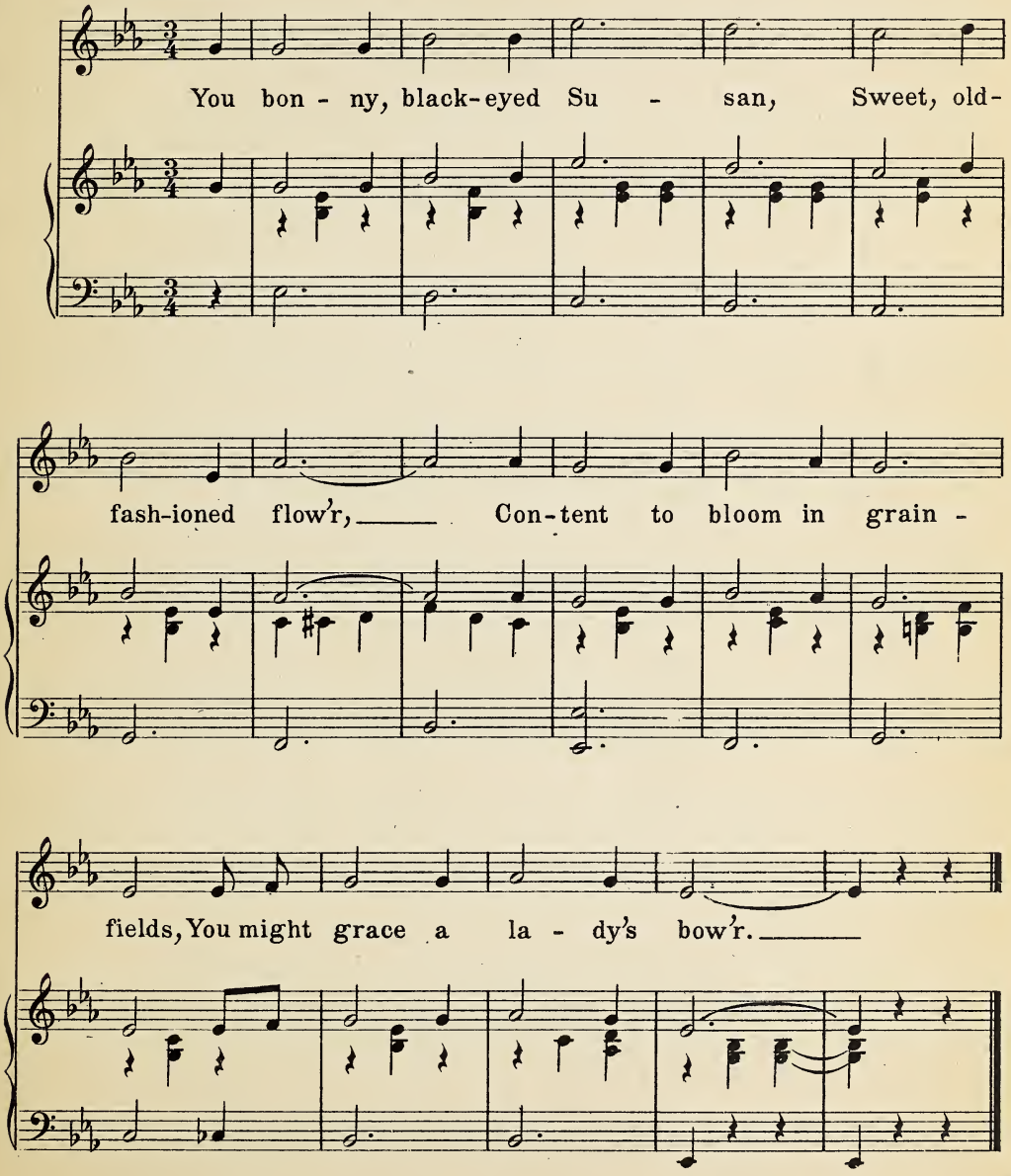


From Songs and Scissors, by per.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

Gracefully.

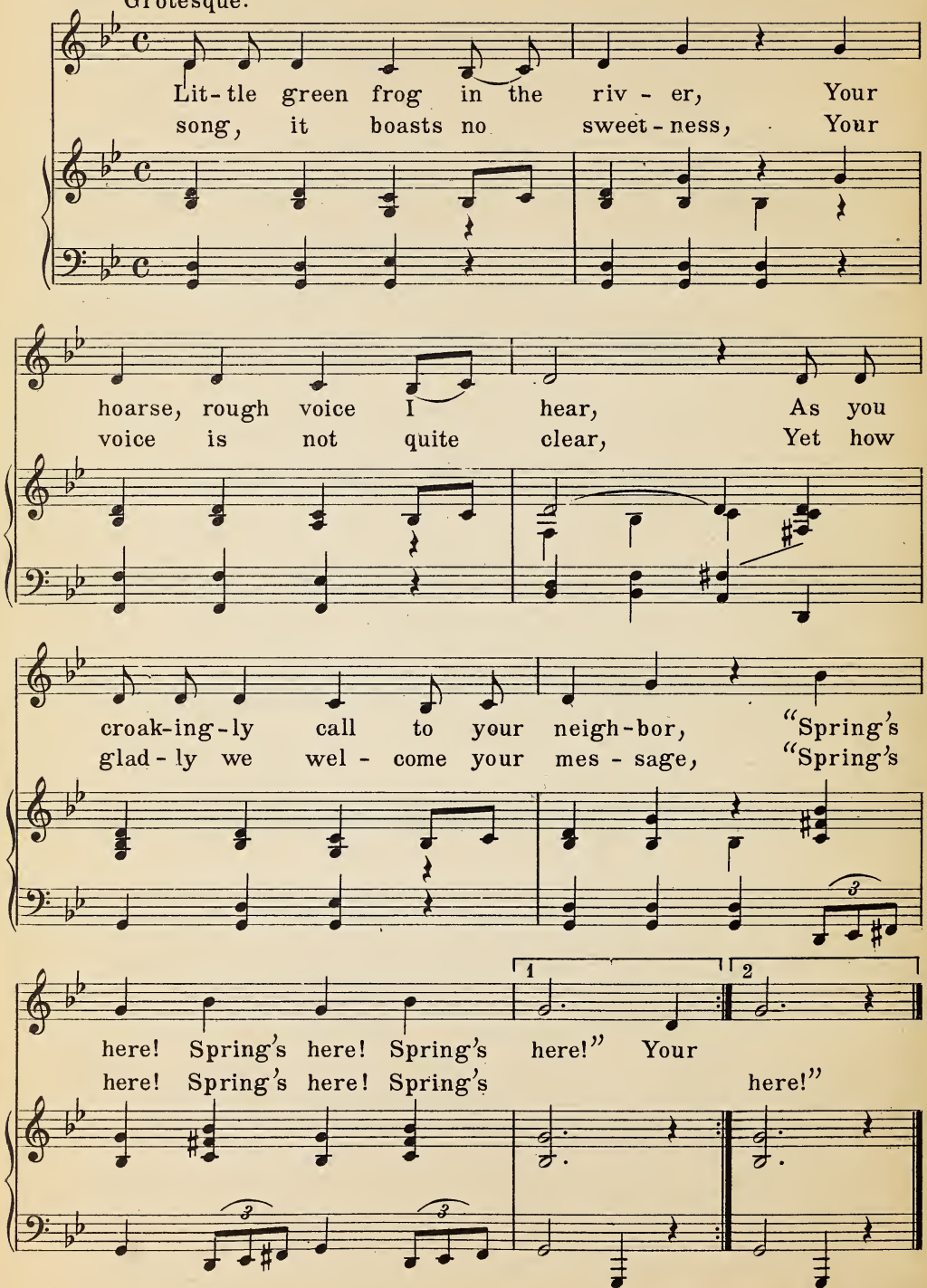


From Songs and Scissors, by per.

LITTLE GREEN FROG.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

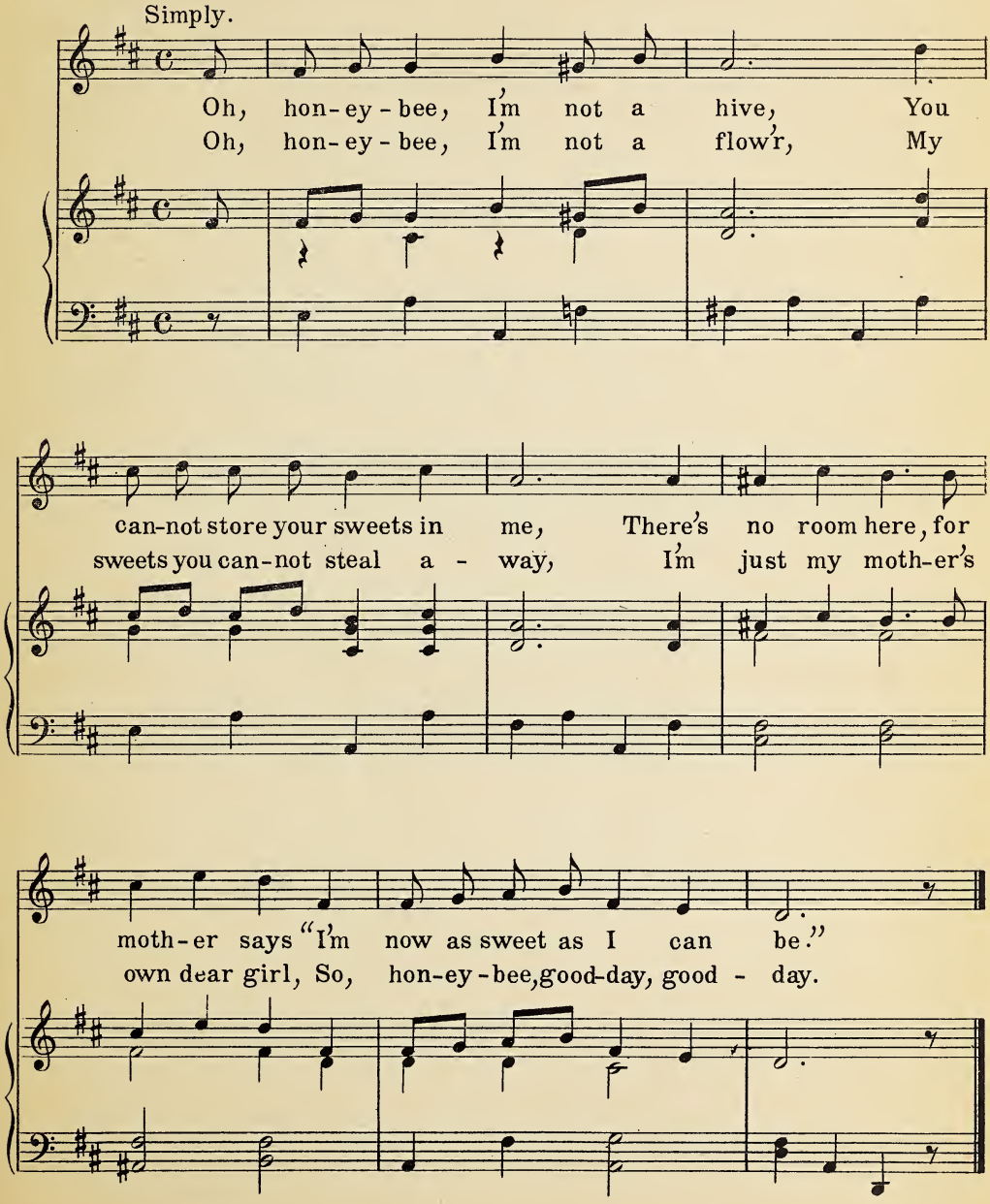
Grotesque.



From Songs and Scissors, by per.

THE HONEY-BEE.

Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

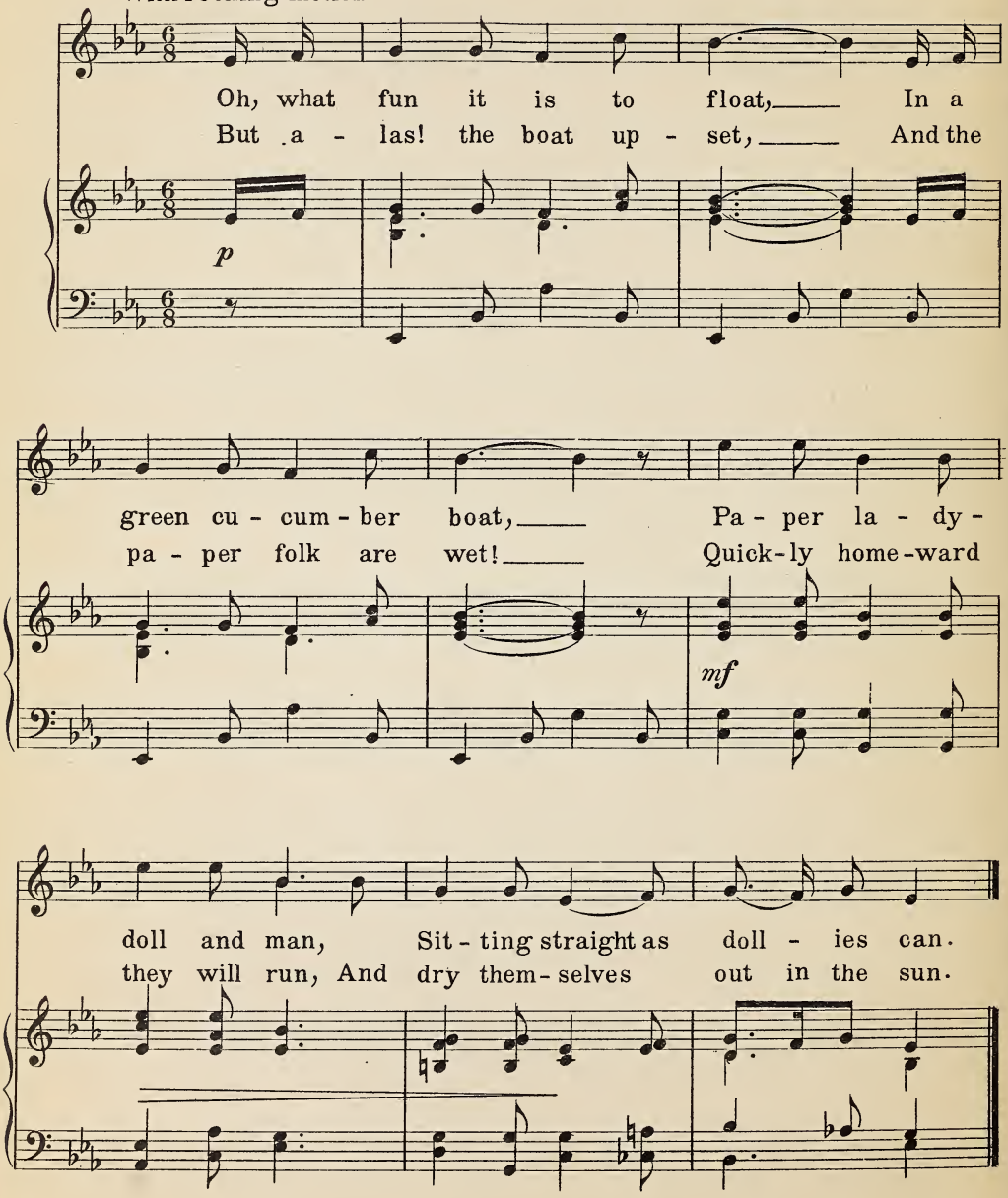


From Songs and Scissors, by per.

THE CUCUMBER BOAT.
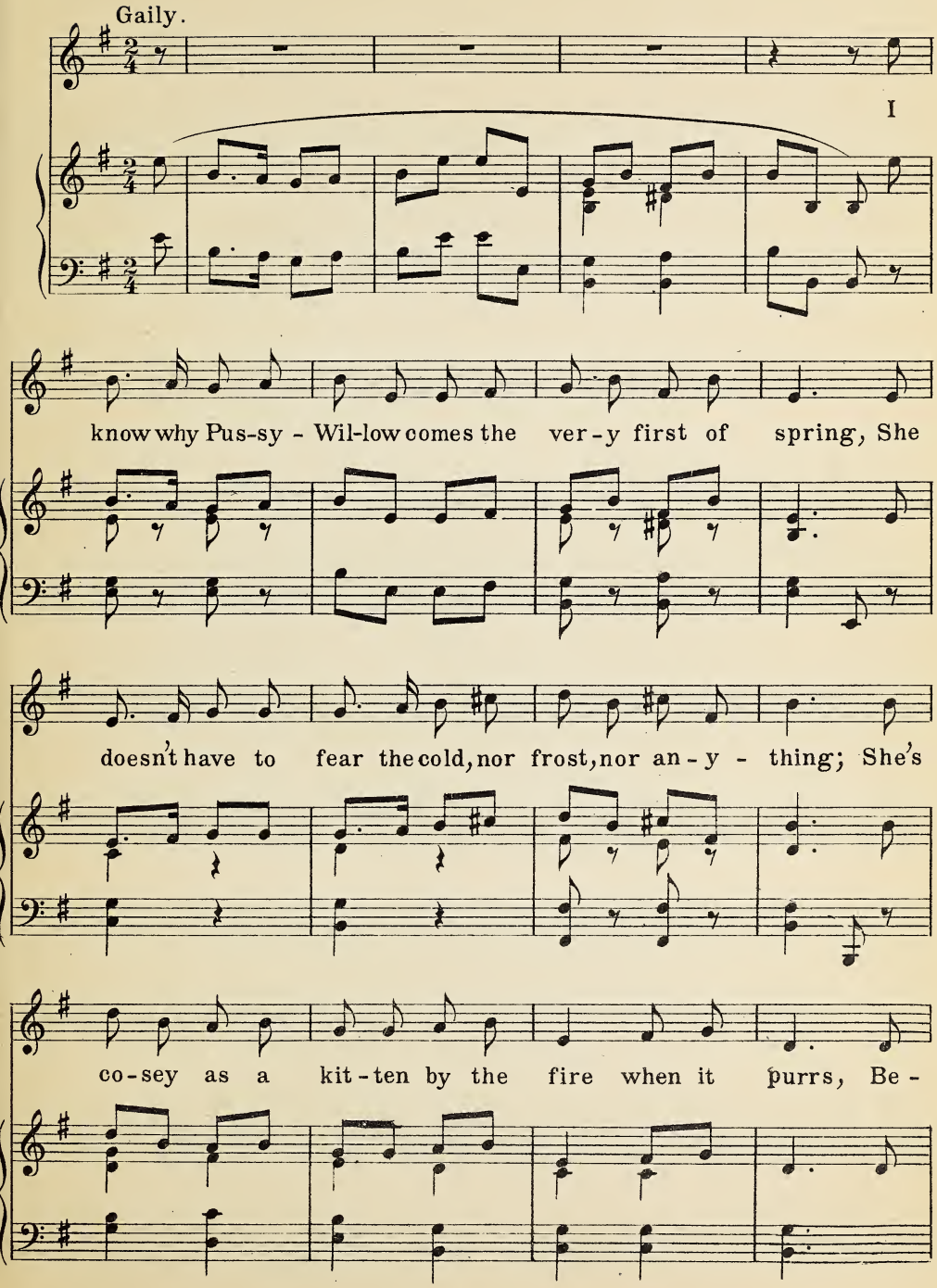
Words by LORA L. HOLMES.

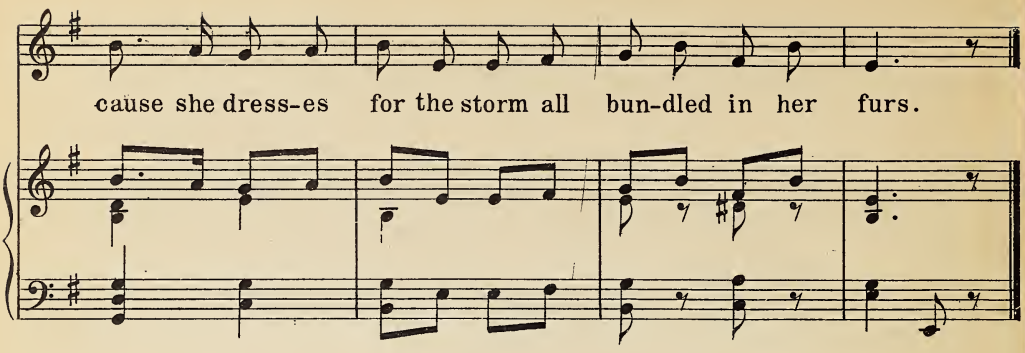
With rocking motion.



From Songs and Scissors, by per.
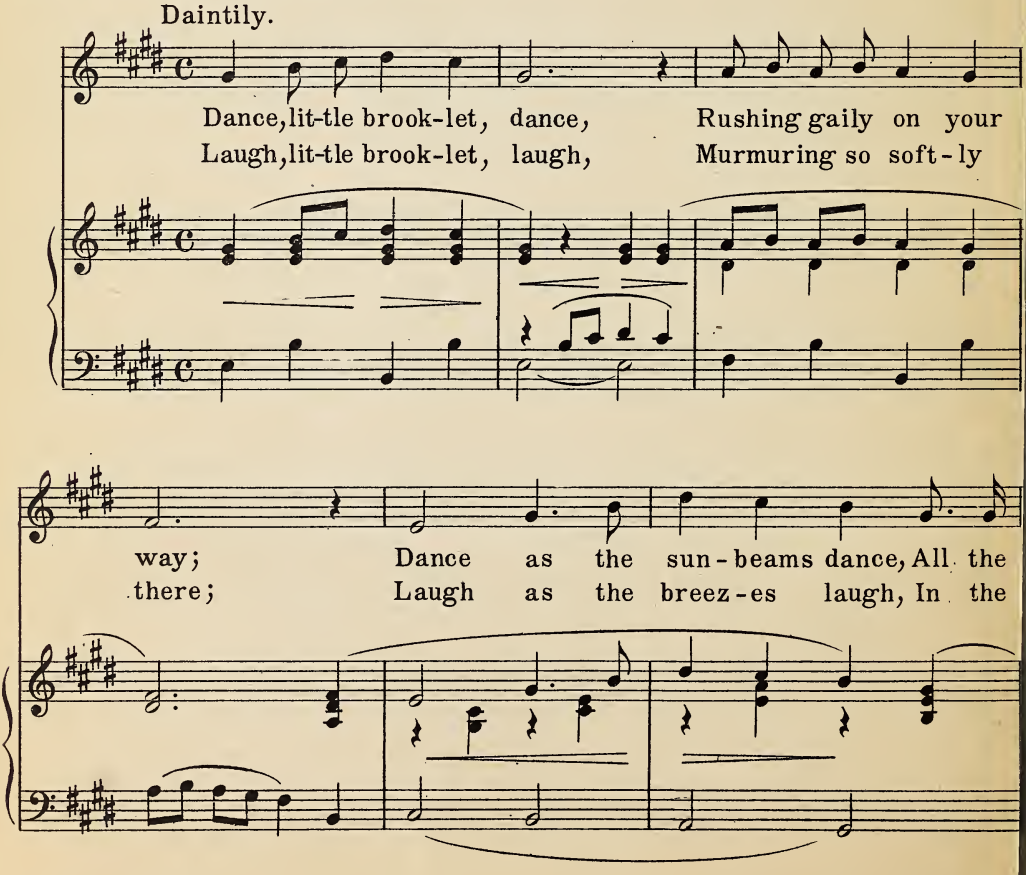
PUSSY WILLOW.

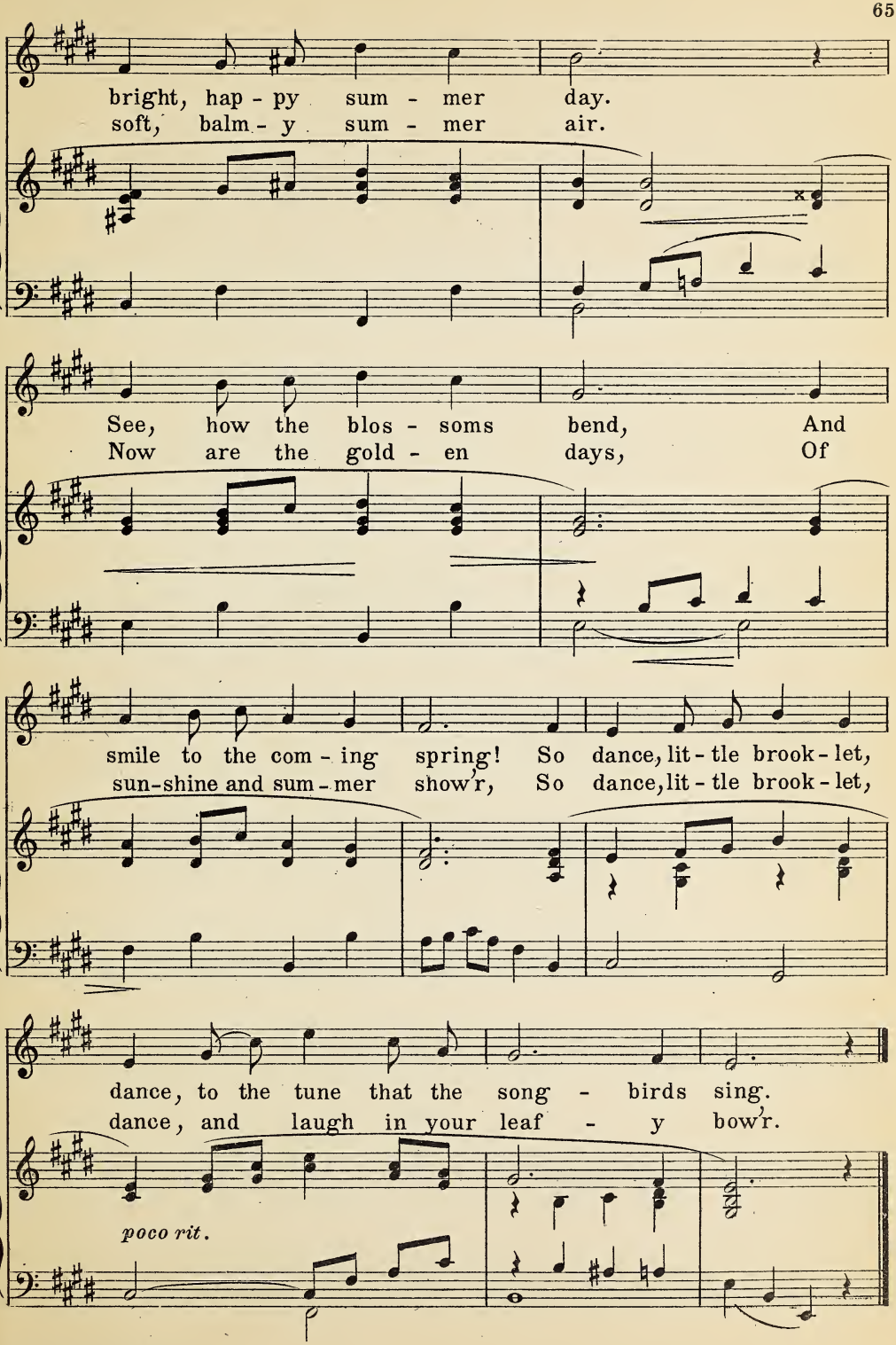




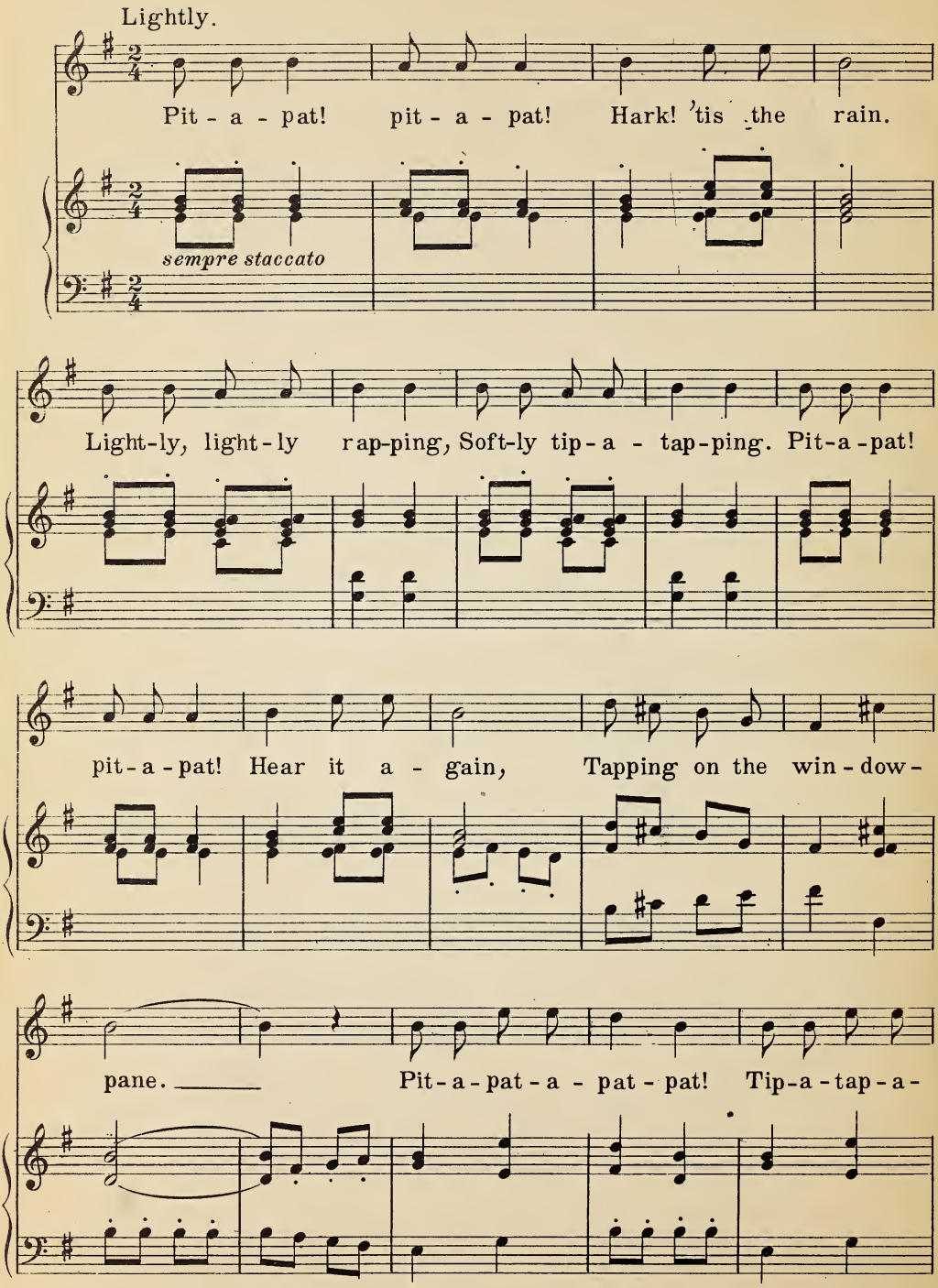
THE BROOKLET.
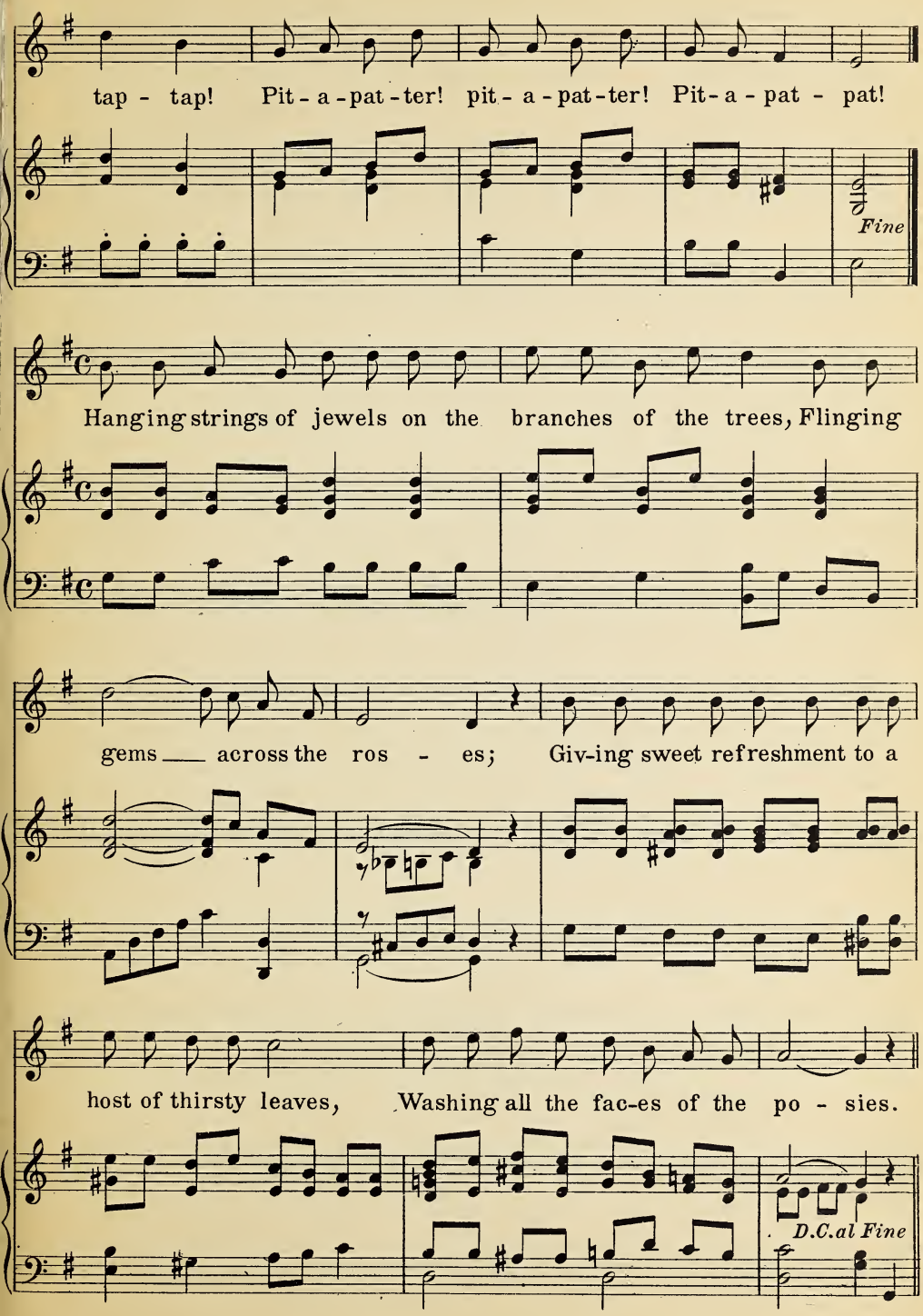
Words by JESSIE L. GAYNOR.
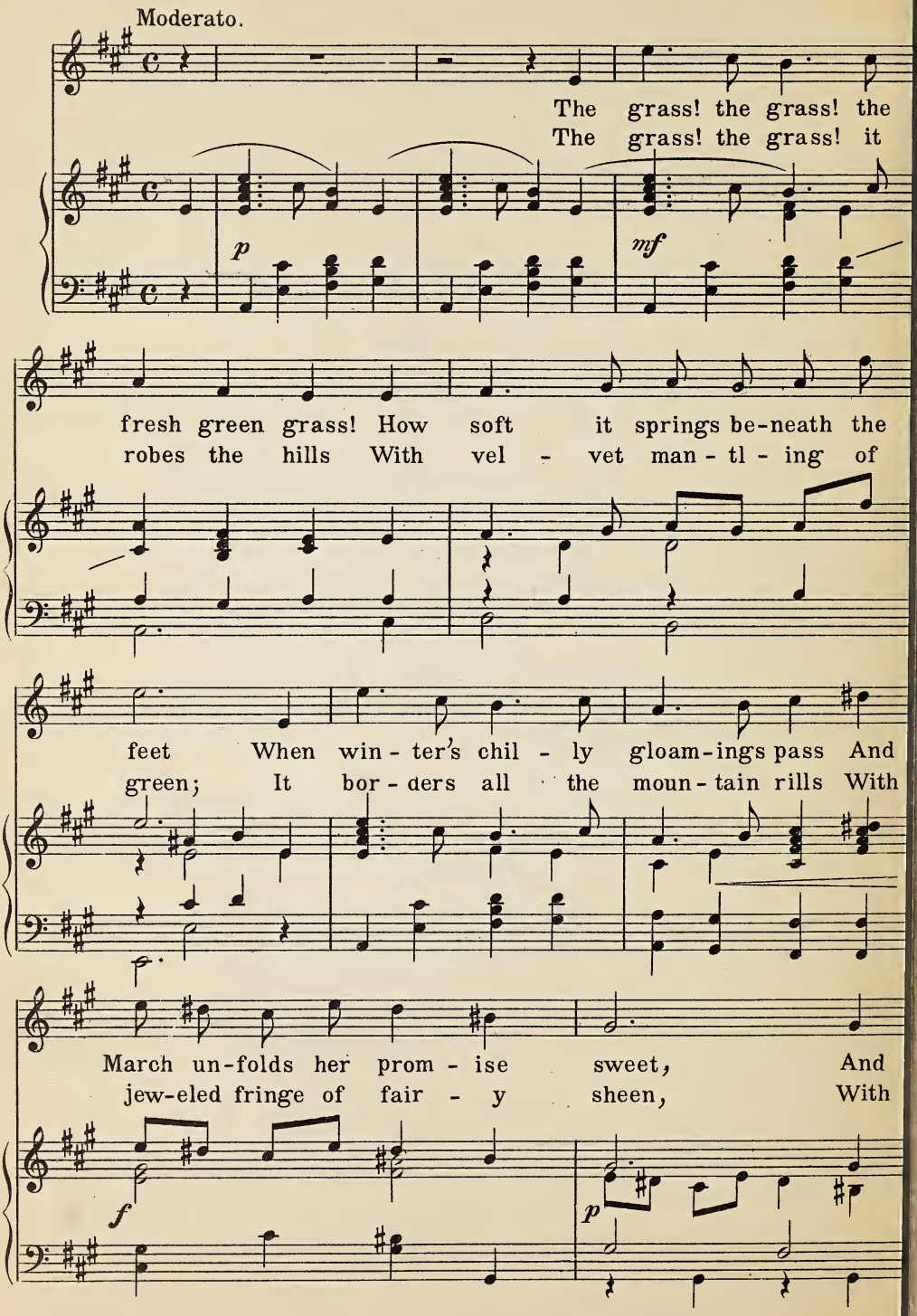



bright, hap - py sum - mer day.
soft, balm - y sum - mer air.
See, how the blos - soms bend, And
Now are the gold - en days, Of
smile to the com - ing spring! So dance, lit - tle brook - let,
sun-shine and sum - mer show'r, So dance, lit - tle brook - let,
dance, to the tune that the song - birds sing.
dance, and laugh in your leaf - y bow'r.
poco rit.

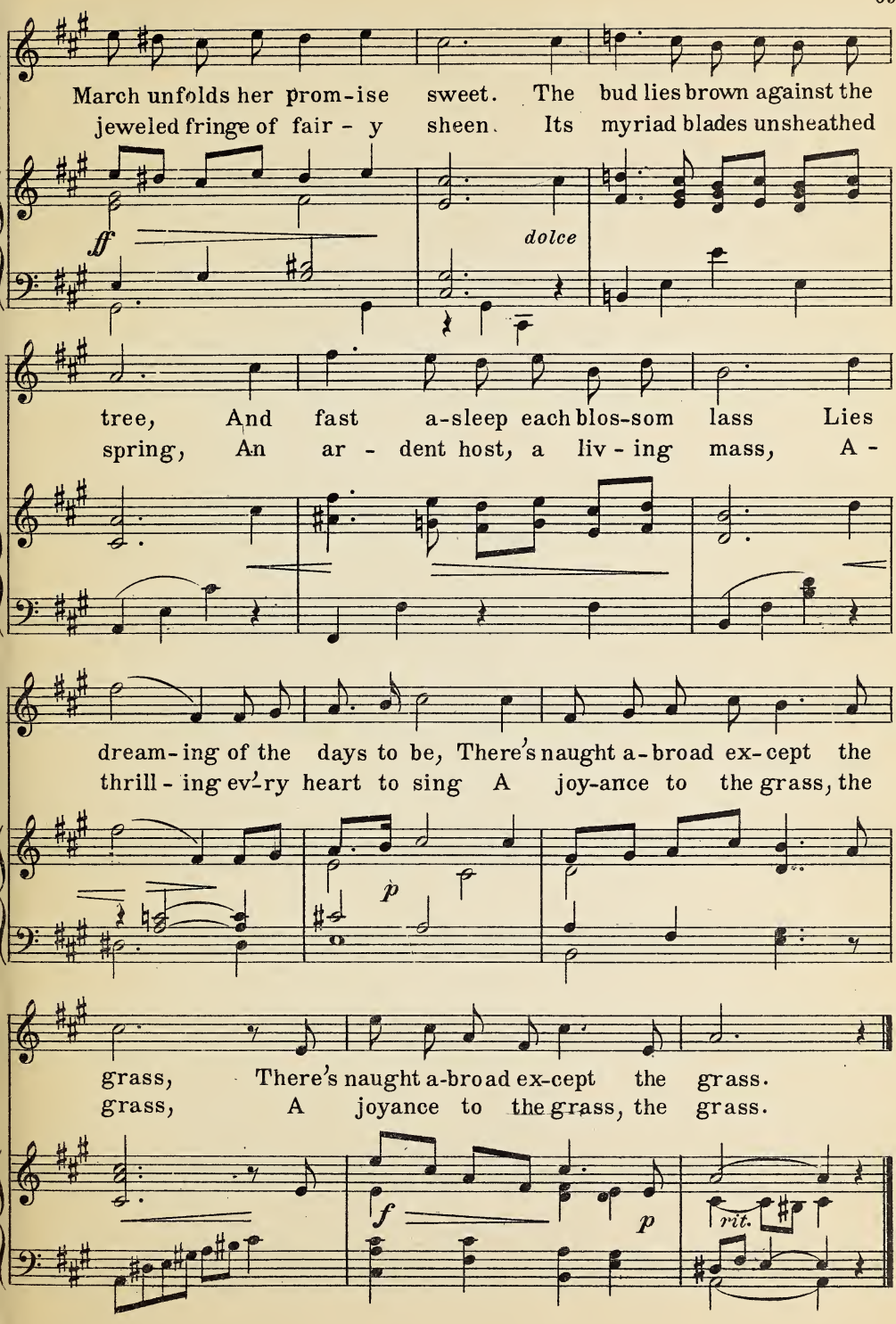
PIT - A - PAT.


Lightly.
Pit - a - pat! pit - a - pat! Hark! 'tis the rain.
sempre staccato
Light-ly, light-ly rap-ping, Soft-ly tip-a - tap-ping. Pit-a-pat!
pit-a-pat! Hear it a - gain, Tapping on the win-dow-
pane. Pit-a-pat-a - pat - pat! Tip-a-tap-a-

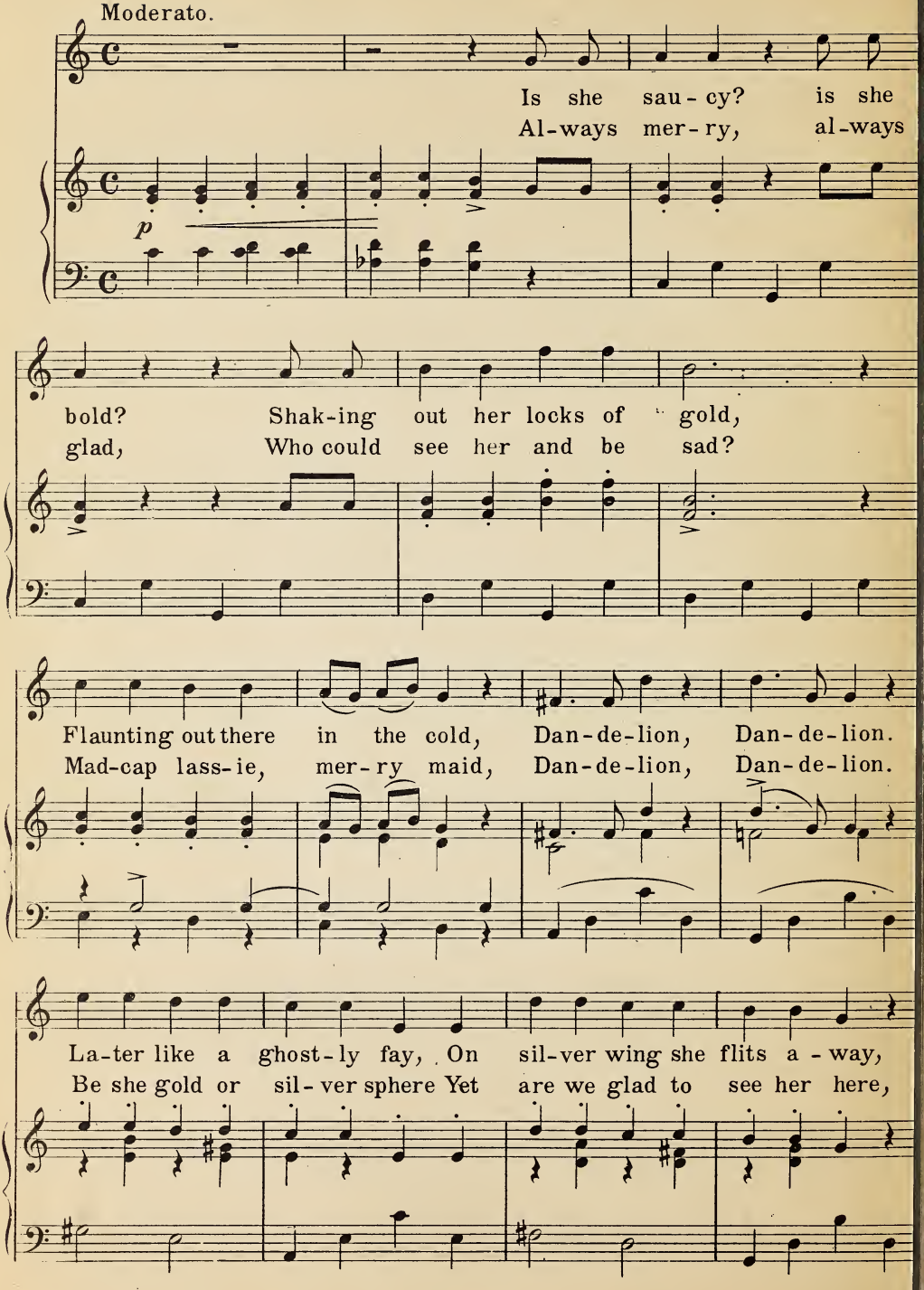

tap - tap! Pit - a - pat - ter! pit - a - pat - ter! Pit - a - pat - pat!
Fine
Hanging strings of jewels on the branches of the trees, Flinging
gems ___ across the ros - es; Giv-ing sweet refreshment to a
host of thirsty leaves, Washing all the fac-es of the po - sies.
D.C.al Fine

THE GRASS.


Moderato.
The grass! the grass! the
The grass! the grass! it
p
mf
fresh green grass! How soft it springs be-neath the
robes the hills With vel - vet man - tl - ing of
feet When win - ter's chil - ly gloam-ings pass And
green; It bor - ders all the moun - tain rills With
March un-folds her prom - ise sweet, And
jew-eled fringe of fair - y sheen, With
f
p


March unfolds her prom-ise sweet. The bud lies brown against the
jeweled fringe of fair - y sheen. Its myriad blades unsheathed
ff
dolce
tree, And fast a-sleep each blos-som lass Lies
spring, An ar - dent host, a liv - ing mass, A -
dream-ing of the days to be, There's naught a-broad ex-cept the
thrill - ing ev'-ry heart to sing A joy-ance to the grass, the
p
grass, There's naught a-broad ex-cept the grass.
grass, A joyance to the grass, the grass.
f
p
rit.

DANDELION.


Moderato.
Is she sau-cy? is she
Al-ways mer-ry, al-ways
p
bold? Shak-ing out her locks of gold,
glad, Who could see her and be sad?
Flaunting out there in the cold, Dan-de-lion, Dan-de-lion.
Mad-cap lass-ie, mer-ry maid, Dan-de-lion, Dan-de-lion.
La-ter like a ghost-ly fay, On sil-ver wing she flits a-way,
Be she gold or sil-ver sphere Yet are we glad to see her here,

Al-ways sau - cy, al ways gay, Dan - de-lion, Dan-de - lion.
Al-ways glad to see the dear Dan - de-lion, Dan-de - lion.
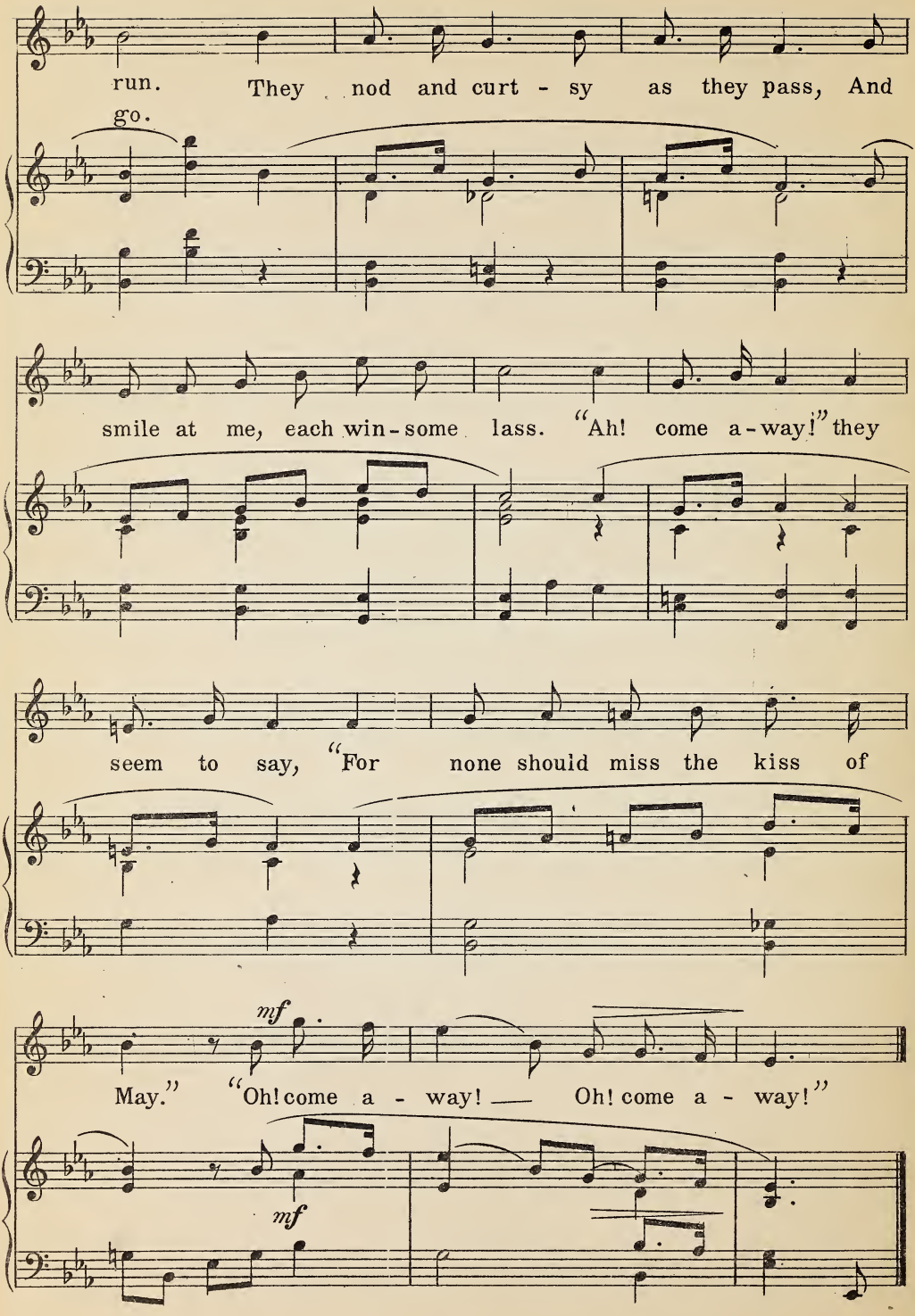
THE DANCING DAFFODILS

Gracefully

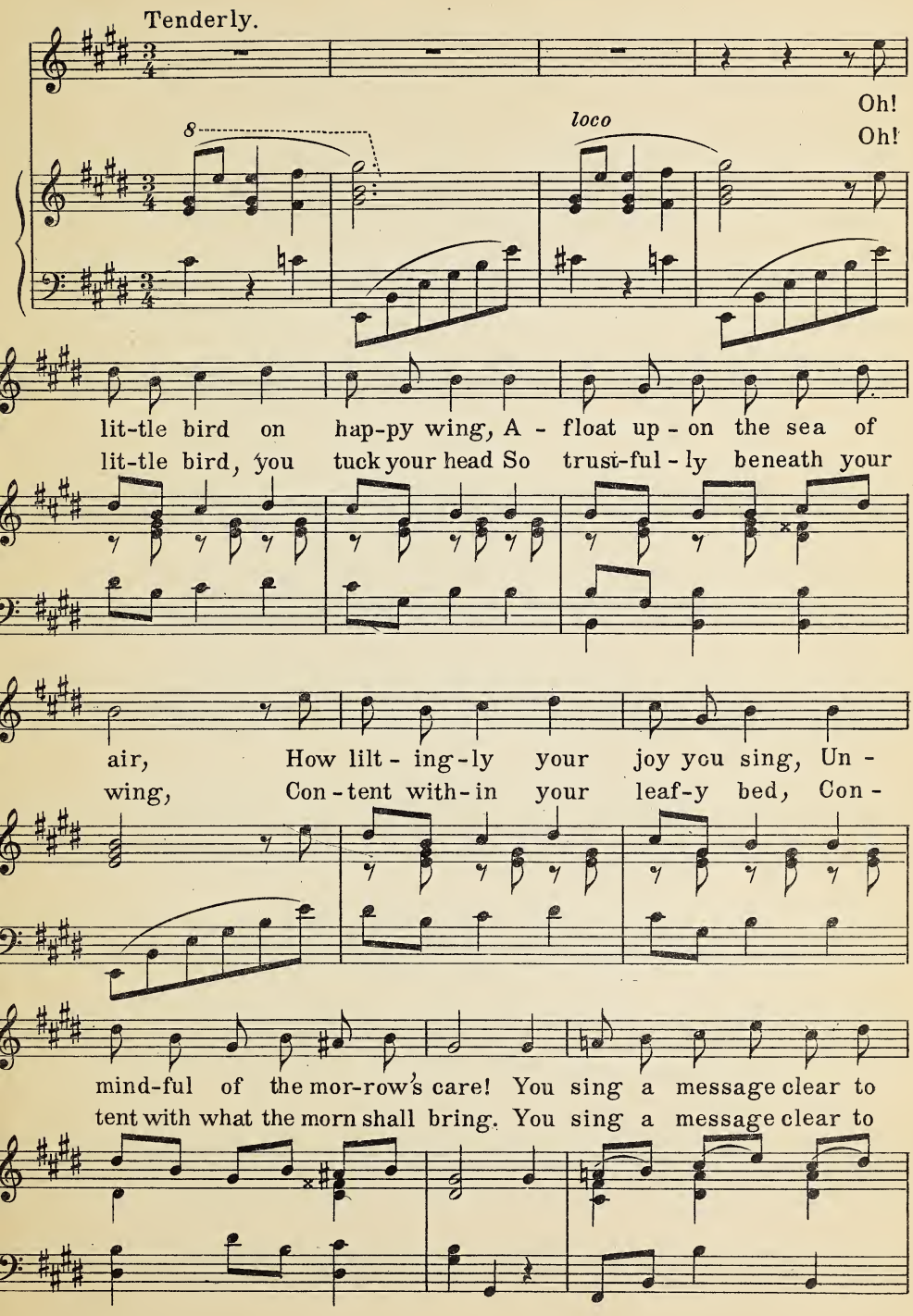
I see the danc - ing
I see them spread their

daf - fo - dils, As gold - en as the sun, A -
silk - en gowns, I see them curt - sy low, And

down the vale and up the hill With trip-ping feet they
blithe-ly o - ver grass - y downs A flash of light they


run. They nod and curt - sy as they pass, And
go.
smile at me, each win-some lass. "Ah! come a-way!" they
seem to say, "For none should miss the kiss of
mf
May." "Oh! come a - way! — Oh! come a - way!"
mf

OH, LITTLE BIRD!



me, That I more full of joy should be. Oh!
me, That I more well con-tent should be. Oh!

lit-tle bird on hap-py wing, I love the song you sing.
lit-tle bird on hap-py wing, I love the song you sing.

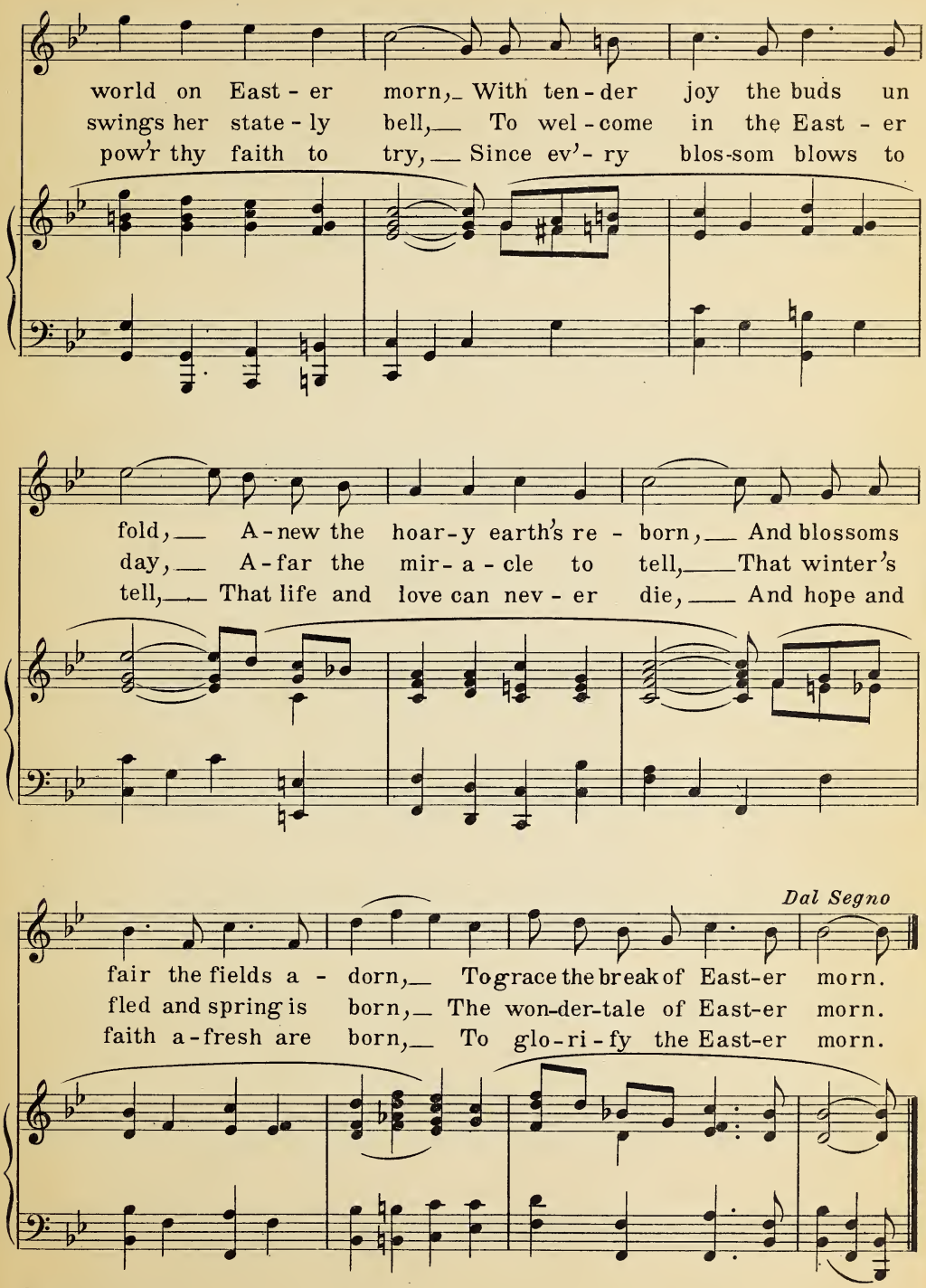
rit.

ON EASTER MORN.

Maestoso.

rit. a tempo

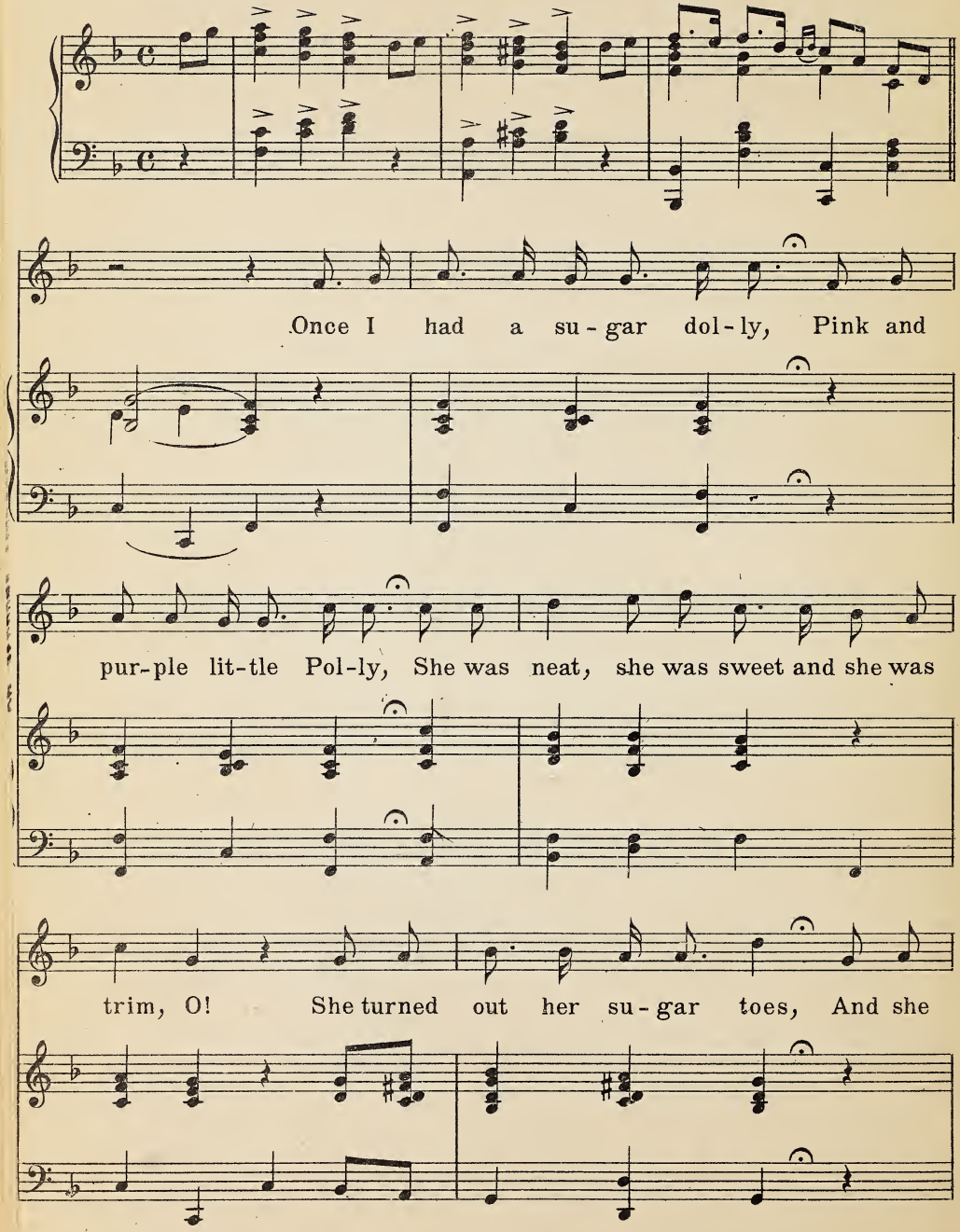
The sun is glad to pour his gold ___ Up - on the
The blue-bird trills his round - e - lay, ___ The lil - y
Then sing, my soul, thy doubts dis - pel! ___ No tomb has

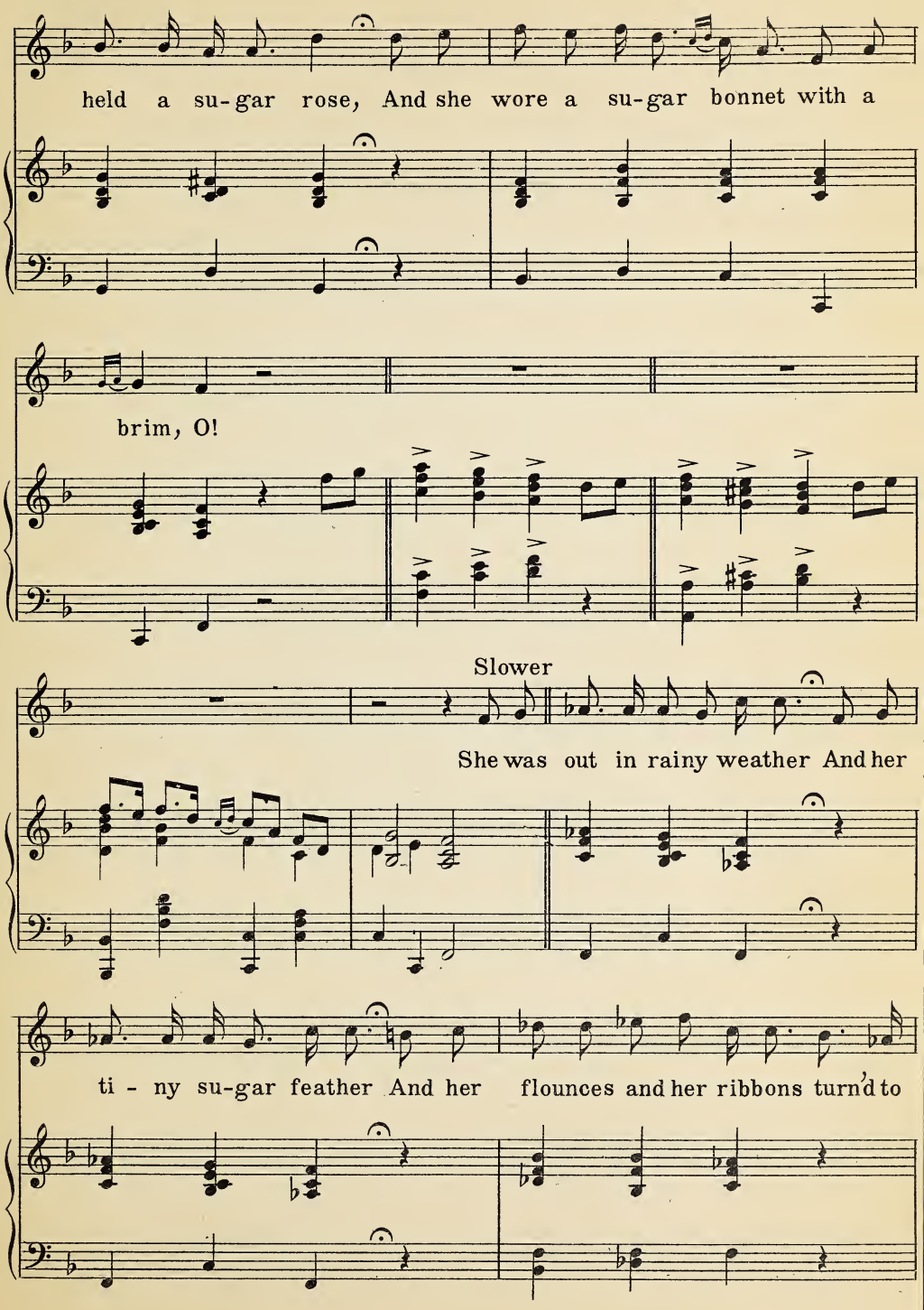

world on East - er morn,_ With ten - der joy the buds un
swings her state - ly bell,__ To wel - come in the East - er
pow'r thy faith to try,__ Since ev'- ry blos-som blows to
fold,__ A - new the hoar - y earth's re - born,__ And blossoms
day,__ A - far the mir - a - cle to tell,____That winter's
tell,__ That life and love can nev - er die,____ And hope and
Dal Segno
fair the fields a - dorn,__ To grace the break of East-er morn.
fled and spring is born,__ The won-der-tale of East-er morn.
faith a - fresh are born,__ To glo - ri - fy the East-er morn.

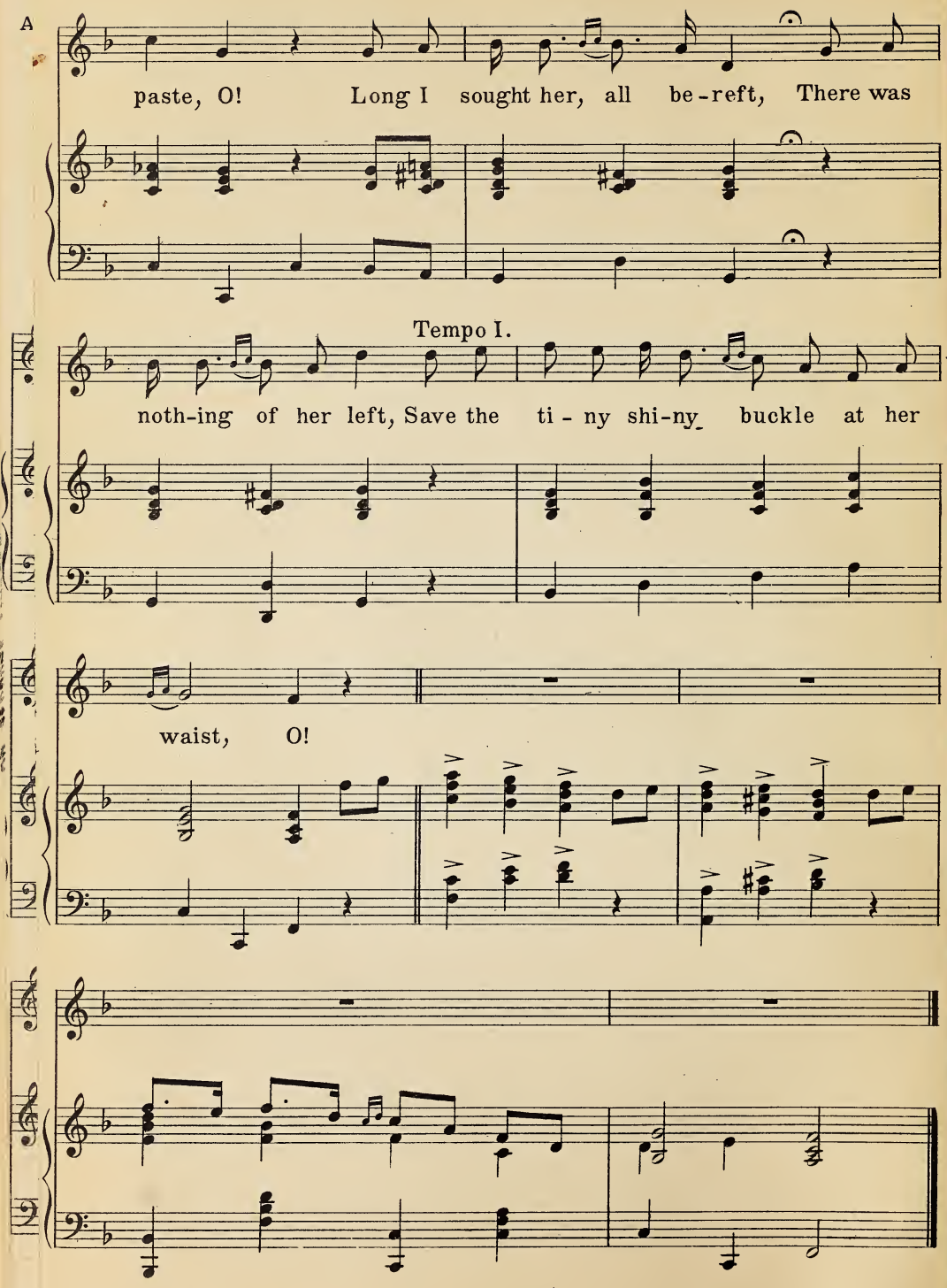
THE SUGAR DOLLY.

Anon.
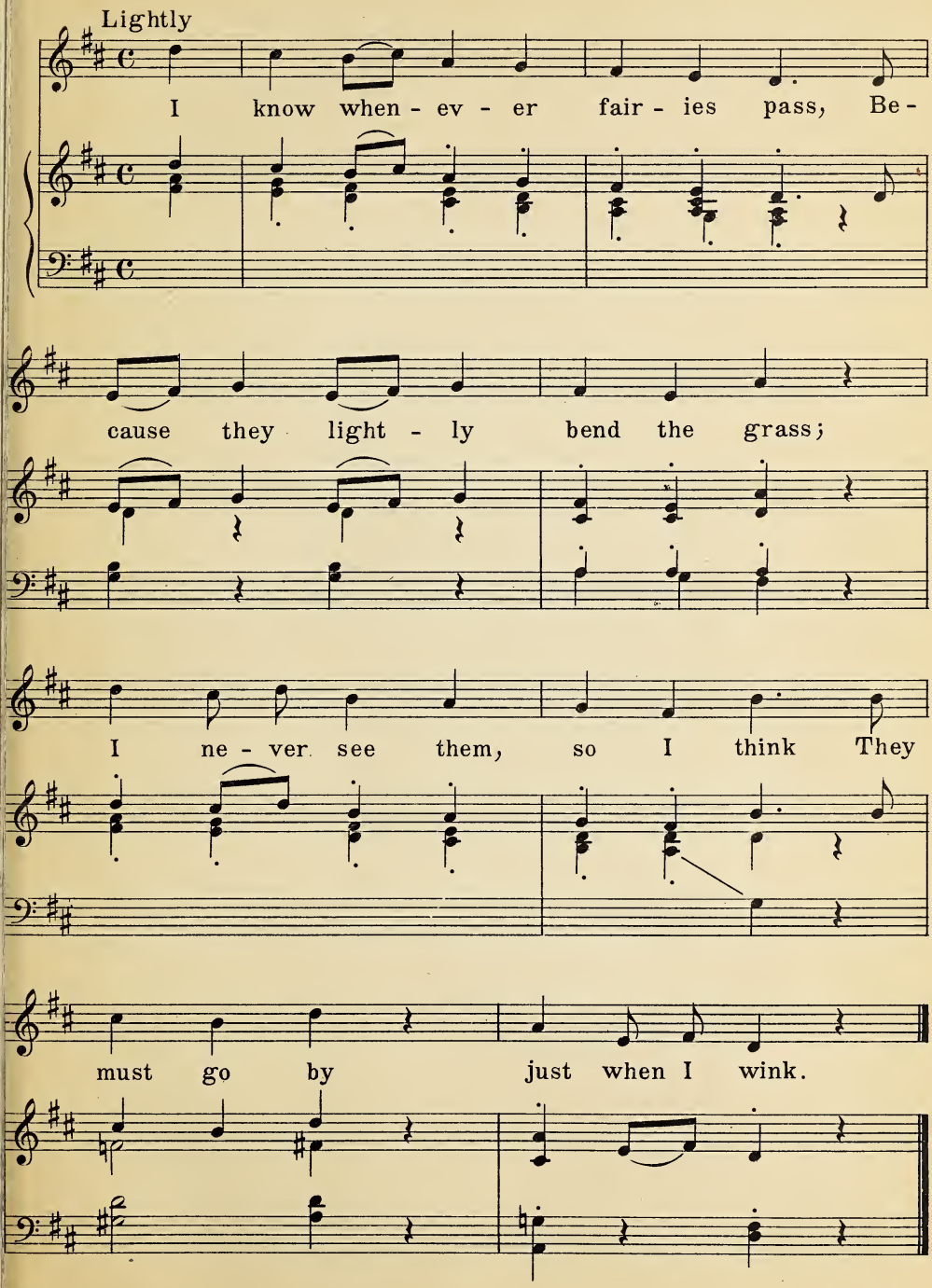
Allegretto.




held a su-gar rose, And she wore a su-gar bonnet with a
brim, O!
Slower
She was out in rainy weather And her
ti - ny su-gar feather And her flounces and her ribbons turn'd to


A
paste, O! Long I sought her, all be-reft, There was
Tempo I.
noth-ing of her left, Save the ti-ny shi-ny buckle at her
waist, O!

THE FAIRIES


Lightly
I know when - ev - er fair - ies pass, Be -
cause they light - ly bend the grass;
I ne - ver see them, so I think They
must go by just when I wink.